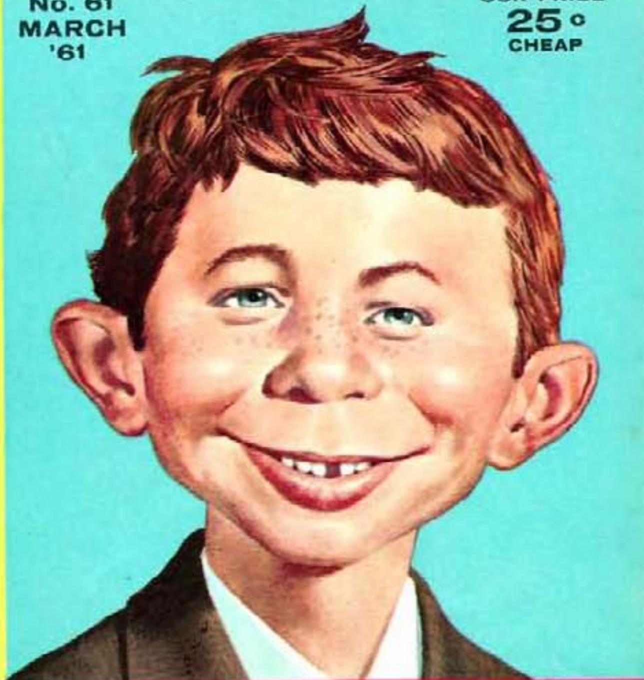
No. 61
MARCH
'61

OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP

NO MATTER HOW
YOU LOOK AT IT—
IT'S GONNA BE A

MAD

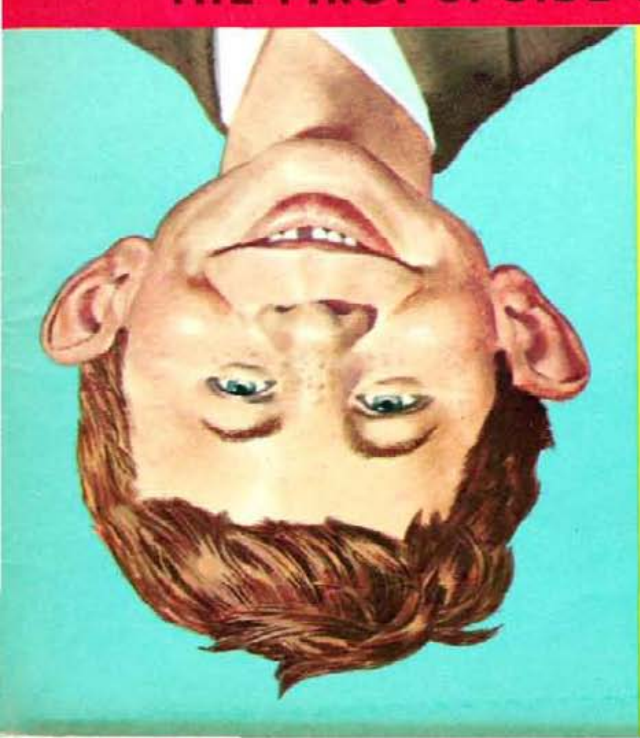
YEAR



THE LAST UPSIDE-DOWN YEAR UNTIL 6009

1961

THE FIRST UPSIDE-DOWN YEAR SINCE 1881



YEAR
MAD
IT'S GONNA BE A
YOU LOOK AT IT—
NO MATTER HOW


bob·'c
she was irresistible!
in
Janes
seamless stockings

NUMBER 61 MARCH 1961

MAD

"Taking your wife to a convention is like taking the game warden hunting!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner

EDITORIAL INSISTENTS: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin

LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman, Esq **PUBLICITY LIES:** Larry Gore

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Anthony Giordano

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—March 1961, Vol. 1, Number 61, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50.

VITAL FEATURES



You don't have to be an "Einstein" to figure out how the mass media will treat a future scientist—hero: With an old formula!



A confession of deceptive practices on TV . . . like a confession of murder—does not excuse the fact that the show is a crime.



MAD's juvenile version of the popular adult mag has the same approach to life; all play, no work—which is pretty childish.



You're in bad hands with this comprehensive **MAD** insurance policy, as the clods who have tried making claims will All State.



Trading guest appearances is common practice in TV, but **MAD's** article shows that this "practice" does not always make "perfect".



By following **MAD's** auto repair manual, we promise you'll never pay another auto mechanic . . . only bus drivers and taxi drivers.



Judging by what's coming up on TV this year, the people who'll suffer most will be the packagers of those quick TV dinners.

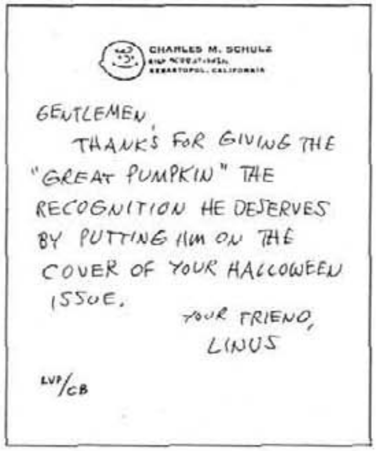


LICE claims it puts you "on-the-spot" with its pictures. **MAD** claims it puts LICE "on-the-spot" with this exposé article.

LETTERS DEPT.



Actual Letter


CHARLES M. SCHULZ

GENTLEMEN,
THANKS FOR GIVING THE "GREAT PUMPKIN" THE RECOGNITION HE DESERVES BY PUTTING HIM ON THE COVER OF YOUR HALLOWEEN ISSUE.

YOUR FRIEND,
LINUS

LVP/CB

MAD FAN



I thought you might be interested in seeing this picture of one of your fans here in Africa devouring a recent issue.

Shelby M. Eddington
Lagos, Nigeria



Hi! Marginal Marvin again, announcing the opening of "MAD's Anti-Cliché Museum"! We've got exhibits that invalidate and disprove commonly accepted clichés . . .

MAD BOOK COVERS

I think it would be a great idea if you would make MAD Book Covers with a picture of Alfred E. Neuman on them. Then, a guy would have a good reason for throwing his school books away. What do you think?

Daniel Gardiner
Fairfield, Conn.



Small minds run in the same gutter, Dan. The latest MAD Annual, "More Trash From MAD #3" contains a special full-color bonus: 6 reversible MAD Textbook covers, plus 4 extra black & white textbook covers, plus the official seals of "Alfred E. Neuman High School" and "Alfred E. Neuman University." You can get "More Trash From MAD" #3 now, at your newsstand.—Ed.

BULK OF CIRCULATION

I am one of those people who consider MAD the American *Punch*, and enjoy the subtleties in every issue as well as the deep criticisms of the world today. I fear, however, that the bulk of your circulation is to people who read for the obvious more vulgar parts of each issue; people like my sister who is a woman in her thirties with the mind of a sixteen-year-old when it comes to taste.

J. B. Post
Columbia University
New York City

That's only natural, since MAD's Editor is a man in his thirties with the mind of a sixteen-year-old when it comes to taste! —Ed.



F'rinstance, you've heard the cliché: "Clean as a whistle"? Well, on display in "MAD's Anti-Cliché Museum," we've got:
A dirty whistle

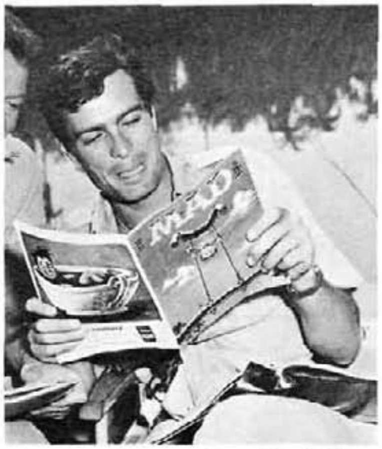
MAD PRO FOOTBALLER

I've been catching up on my MAD reading here at the 49'ers training camp after our practice sessions and workouts. Some really great laughs. I've introduced MAD to many of my teammates, and now they're huddling over it, too!

Monty Stickles
San Francisco 49'ers
Redwood City, Calif.

We hope that being on the "receiving end" of MAD has partially contributed to your great rookie year performances, Monty! —Ed.

GOOD SPORT



The above photo (sent by a friend) shows *that Gardner McKay remains a MAD fan,* despite some rugged kidding on our part. We hope that being on the "receiving end" of MAD will partially contribute toward improving your performances, Gardner! —Ed.

EMPTY LOGIC

I have a suggestion. Why not expand the "No Department" to, say, 48 pages?

David E. Roy
Tucson, Arizona

LACKING A SPARK

Issue #59 fell short of its mark, and left me cold. Mainly, it missed the fireplace, where I threw it, by two feet.

Gabriel P. Freedman
Jersey City, N. J.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 61, Room 706, 225 Lafayette Street New York 12, New York

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF MAD, published *monthly except February, May, August* and November at New York, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York City 12; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein, 225 Lafayette St., New York City 12; Managing editor: None; Business manager: None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) E.C. Publications, Inc., 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12; *William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street,* New York City 12; Jessie K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12; Virginia E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 48,550

William M. Gaines

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1960.
Claire S. Stolzenberg, Notary Public,
State of New York No. 41-3860250
(My commission expires March 30, 1961)

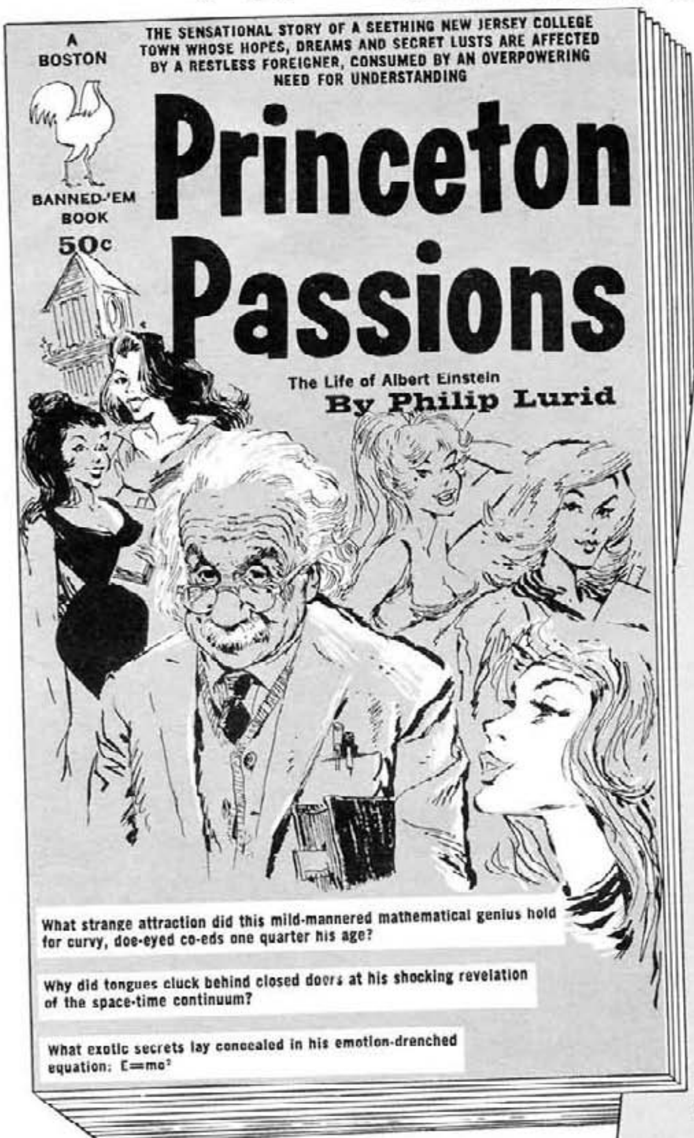
Now that science is playing a more important part in our lives each day, we feel it's only a matter of time before "The Man of Science" will take over the legendary hero's role long held by Westerners like Wyatt Earp, Detectives like Eliot Ness, and Sportsmen like Errol Flynn. As a matter of fact, we wouldn't be surprised if very soon **all**

THE MAN O

AMERICA'S NEXT

THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN IN A PAPERBACK BOOK

The paperback book publisher knows that his strongest selling point is sex, so the cover and a sample page from a pocket-size book on the life of Albert Einstein may look like this . . .



"My darling," he said, gently caressing her cheek with his slide rule-calloused hand, "do you . . . do you like my Theory of Relativity?"

"Like it?" she cried. "Oh Albert, Albert, Albert . . . you mad, wild, silly, adorable fool! I *love* it! It's . . . it's . . . *you!*"

He crushed her to his Bunsen Burner-scarred chest and hungrily sought out and found her lush, red lips. They clutched each other tightly there in the moonlight.

"Then you do like my theory?" he said, nibbling on the corner of her ear.

"Albert!" she cried, kissing the tip of his nose. "You crazy, warm, lovable honey bear of a mathematical physicist. You *know* I do!"

Now once again he enveloped her in the warmth of his arms and once more his eager lips met hers in an impassioned embrace. His sparkling blue eyes glowed as he tenderly pushed her away. He seemed to want to say something.

"Albert," she said, "what are you thinking of?"

"Well," he said, "right now I'd like to . . . to . . ."

"Yes, Albert, yes?" Her eyes were passion-lined slits.

"I'd like to . . ."

"Yes? . . . Yes? . . ."

"I'd like to work on a quantum theory, giving special reference to photons, the photo-electric effect, and specific heats. And then I'd like to bring together under one all-embracing concept the laws of gravitation, electromagnetics, and relativity."

She squealed with delight and flung herself

89

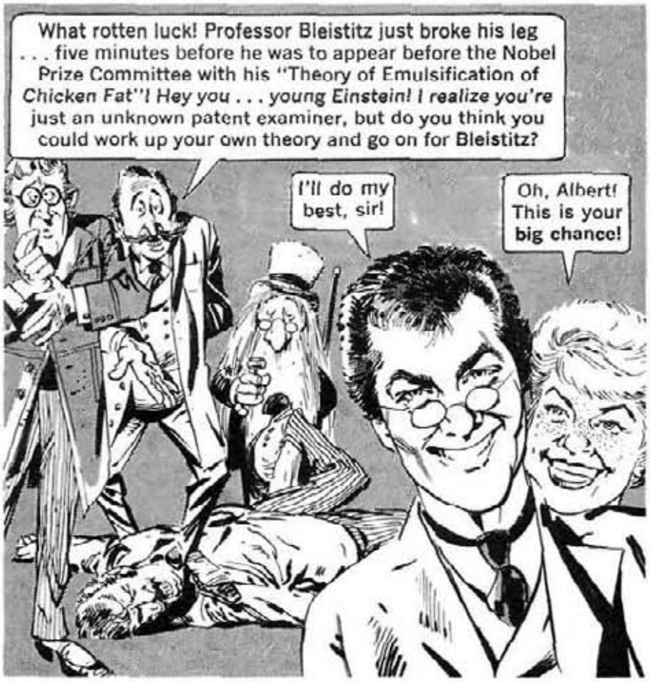
our popular forms of entertainment began presenting yarns based on the lives of men, say, like Albert Einstein. But *if they do, there's bound to be one catch: the big brains* in Books, Movies, TV and Broadway probably won't want to change their time-honored "Commercial Success" formulas, *and old formats will remain the same as they feature . . .*

F SCIENCE

MASS MEDIA HERO

THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

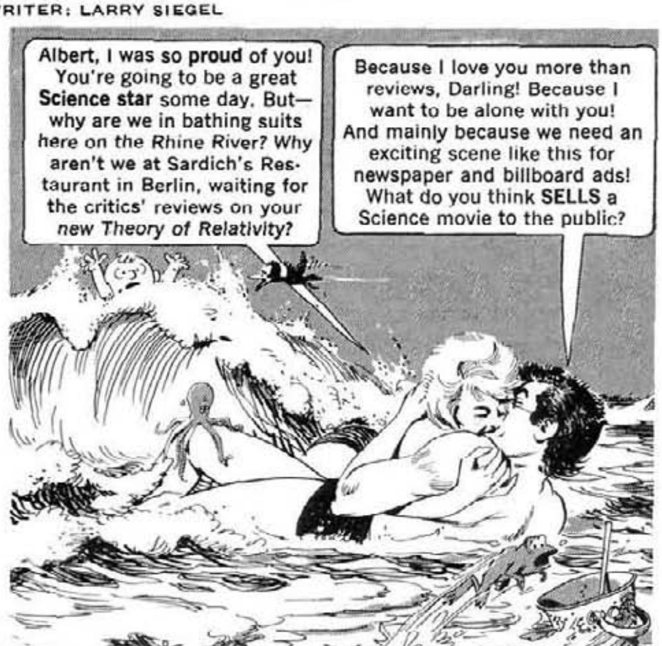
The Hollywood producer knows that show business-type stories with suspense are always hits, so here are scenes from the forthcoming movie "There's No Business Like Math Business" . . .





ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A BROADWAY MUSICAL

The Broadway producer will turn to the biggest money-maker of all: the musical. So here's a scene from the upcoming Broadway show on the life of Einstein, "The Sound of Fission" . . .



THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A TV SITUATION COMEDY

The TV producer will turn out a typical situation comedy series filled with the usual surprises (like canned laughter hysterically reacting to the corny gags) in "Life With Albie"

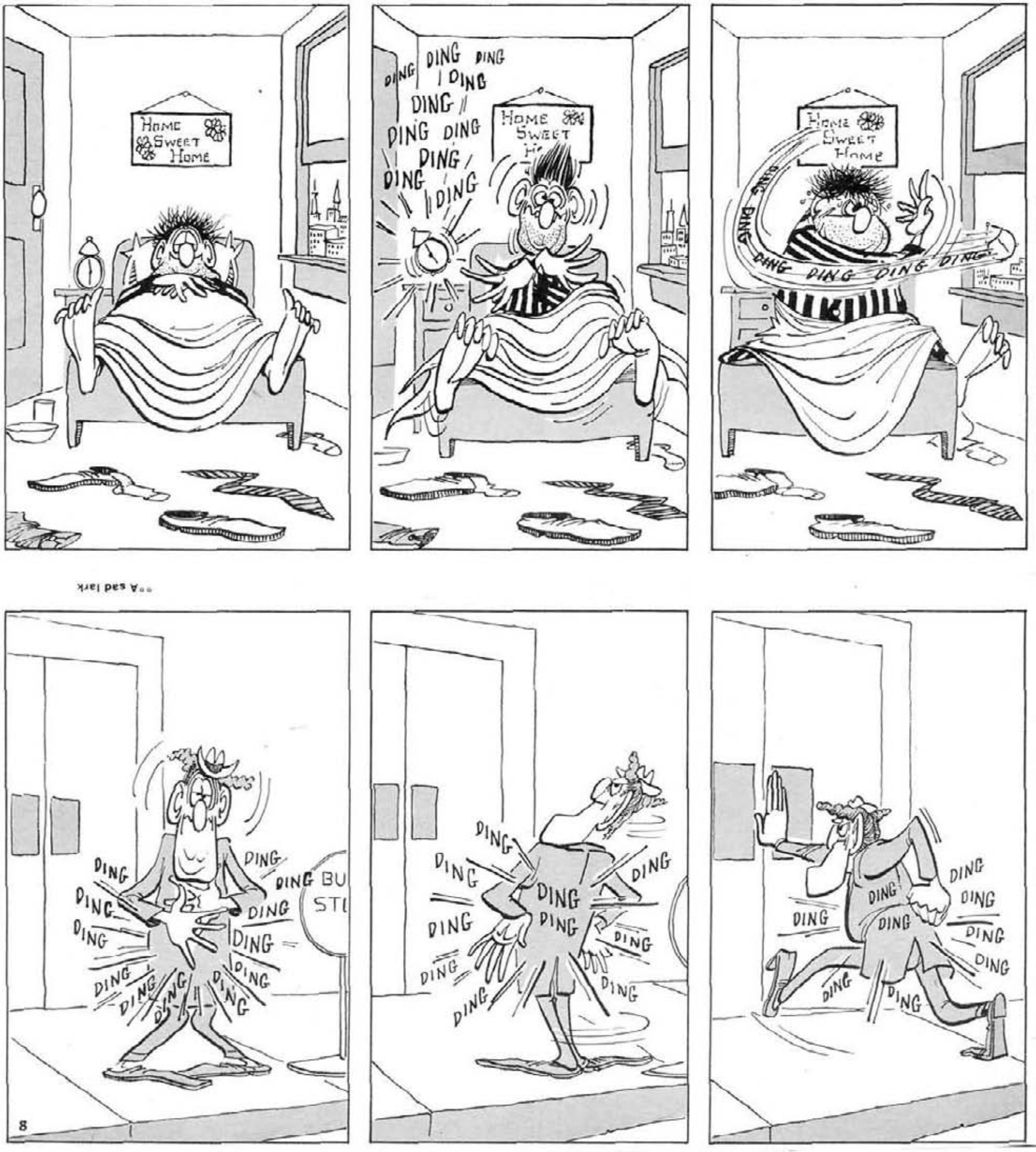


**Fast molasses

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, now believes in letting sleeping dogs (and sleeping people) lie. He developed this philosophy when something inside him suddenly rang a bell —

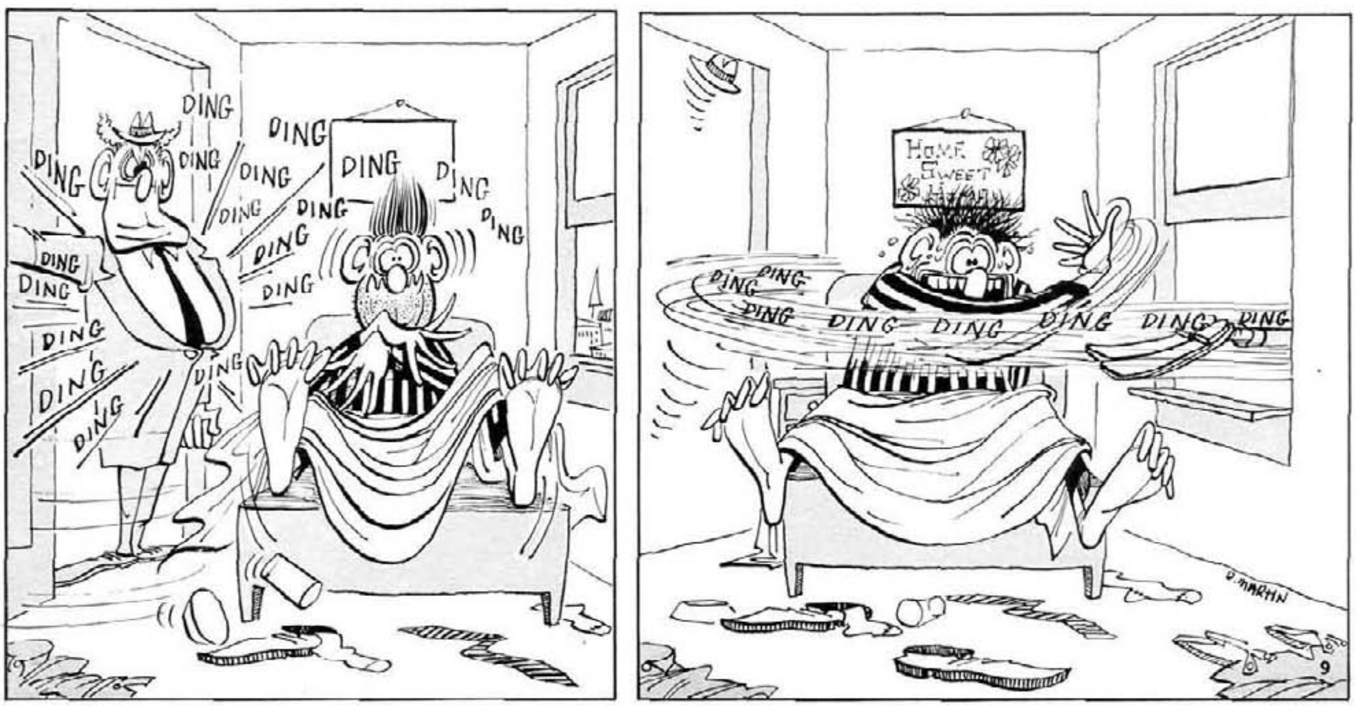
EARLY ON



E MORNING



**A slow wink



ALL THE NEWS THAT HINTS OF MINT DEPT.

The favorite paper of the Wall Street crowd is the little green paper called "money"! And the wild scramble of the Wall Street crowd for this little green paper is recorded daily by--

THE WALL ST

Copyright 1961 by Loud

VOL. CLXXII NO. 57 ★ ★ GREEDY INVESTORS EDITION WEDNESDAY,

Success Story

Former Messenger Boy to be Named "Stock-Salesman-of-the-Year"

A WALL STREET JUNGLE *Sickening Salute*

P. T. Fink, Customer's man for *Bilke, Raab, Pilpher and Steele*, Investment Brokers, will be honored at a banquet this evening, where he will be awarded *The Wall Street Association's* "Stock - Salesman - Of - The - Year" trophy for outstanding service to the financial world.

Mr. Fink's achievements include: unloading five million shares of *United Buggy Whips*, three million shares of *Consolidated Player Piano*, and fourteen million shares of *Fabian*, all of which, as any idiot knows, are long-defunct corporations.

Mr. Fink has been a solid citizen of Wall Street for many years, having served as President of the "Bulls & Bears Drinking and Conniving Society", which readers will remember was the group that marched on Washington last year to protest the Securities and Exchange Commission's ban on the sale of phony Uranium stock. Other public services have been rendered by Mr. Fink as Chairman of the "Greater New York Tax Evasion Committee", and organizer of the "Let's Fix Roosevelt's Wagon League" during New Deal years. He has also performed yeoman service in the "S.A.C." (Sons of the American Crash), "The Steal-From-The-Poor-And-Give-To-The-Rich Brotherhood", and "The Wall Street Vigilante Society", which guards peace-loving brokers from customers bent on murdering them.

A true Horatio Alger type, tonight's "Salesman of the Year" started as a messenger boy for B. R. P. & S. in 1920. He worked hard, applied himself, used his wits, kept his eyes open, and by 1929 had become an unusually old messenger boy. Then came the crash, and P.T.'s big chance. With stocks (and stock brokers) plummeting downward all around him, he took a daring gamble. He sank all his savings into his own employer's company, purchasing 4000 shares of *Bilke, Raab, Pilpher, Steele* at 5¢ a share. As it turned out, it happened to be all the stock in the company, so Mr. Fink became sole owner. Furthermore, his purchase was interpreted by the rest of Wall Street as a sign of renewed strength, and everyone began bidding on the stock, running the price up to $20 a share. At this point, Messrs. Bilke, Raab, Pilpher and Steele, thinking that Fink knew something they didn't, hocked their wives' mink coats and bought the company back at $35 a share, giving Fink a tidy profit of $139,980 on his original $20 investment. Before selling, however, Mr. Fink promoted himself to a lifetime position as Customer's Man, awarding himself a salary of $50,000 a year, plus commissions.

Fink began his new duties by meeting all incoming steamships and selling phony oil leases to newly arriving immigrants, telling them it was a requirement for citizenship. It is said that this first lesson in investing has never been forgotten by the thousands of customers he acquired this way. As a matter of fact, some of them may be at the banquet tonight, so if you can make it, be sure to

Please Turn to Page 15, Col. A or Col. B

So What's News—

Business and Finance

Clint Murchison, prominent Texas Midas, announced today that he has completed final arrangements on his merger with J. Paul Getty (co-holder with Murchison of "World's Richest Man" title), and that the two men will set up their new home offices as soon as an appropriate site can be found.

"We have bought up New York City," reported Murchison wryly, "but we couldn't get clear title to the Atlantic Ocean to go with it!"

"We have our hearts set on a beach property," confirmed Getty from his temporary headquarters in the Taj Mahal.

A rumor that the two new partners were dickering to buy Africa was unconfirmed.

* * *

Flooglvanian bonds dropped to eighty dollars below par today, and most of them went begging at that price, as revolutionists in the small South American country took over the government and burned the Capital. Heavy activity, interspersed with cries of "Sell!" and "I'm ruined!" marked an otherwise peaceful day of trading in the issue. Ten seconds of silence were observed for the victims of the current Flooglvanian revolution. Latest casualties include big Flooglvanian bond magnates John D. Morganfeller by heart attack, Cornelius Vanderwreck by suicide, and the entire Flooglvanian Legislature by firing squad.

* * *

Hurricane Melvin and its accompanying tidal waves, caused great sadness along Wall Street today when it was learned that the resort state of Florida had been completely destroyed. Especially saddened were those who had invested in property there. Losses were estimated to be in the quadruple-sextuple billion dollar range.

On the brighter side, however, were reports that the local Director of Internal Revenue would rule these losses were deductible, so the damage is not as severe as was first believed. Other factors on the credit side include a 5000% boost in California property values, with sales up 95 trillion dollars.

The entire population of Florida was wiped out by the incident.

BULLETIN

Divers exploring the floor of the Dead Sea reported today that they had discovered hundreds of ancient gadgets resembling ticker-tape machines in the lost cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

World Wide

RED CHINA INVADES TIBET; List Up

Communist China gave a welcome boost to sagging stock prices today when it sent 27 divisions into Northern Tibet. Leaders in the market surge included: *Rejected Missile Export Corp., Amalgamated Surplus Machine Guns, Consolidated Overseas Fissionable Materials*, and *Kaplooey Chemicals*.

Unfortunately, scattered losses, including a 75-point drop by *Himalayan Tours*, and a 42-point slide by *Mid-Asian Life Insurance*, held the Dow-Jones average to a mere 146 point rise. However, reliable authorities on the New York Stock Exchange are reported hopeful that tomorrow will see much greater gains when "the fun really gets rolling". Some big killings are expected.

Meanwhile, 740,000 Tibetans lost their lives in the invasion.

* * *

PRESIDENT MEETS Economic Advisors

The President, today, conferred with his "Financial Brain Trust", prominent figures in the world of commerce, for their advice and counsel on economic affairs. The President, as usual, asked each to give his own specific recommendation for improving the nation's business climate. Their answers were as follows: Herman C. T. National, *City National Bank*: "The Government should subsidize banking!"; Otto Jyrow, *Gremlin Aircraft*: "The Government should subsidize aviation!"; Edsel C. Schmedsel: *Flivver Motors*: "The Government should subsidize the automobile industry!"; Ludlow Wurry, *Wurry Lines*: "The Government should subsidize shipping!"; Rocco Vendetta, *Occupation Unknown*: "The Government should subsidize the Mafia—or else!"; Alfred E. Neuman, *E. C. Publications*: "The Government should subsidize MAD Magazine!"

Mr. Neuman won this week's award for the most idiotic suggestion.

* * *

CAB ACCIDENT Causes Costly Traffic Snarl

An accident at Wall St. and Broadway today caused a traffic jam lasting 27 minutes. Losses incurred by business interruptions resulting from the delay were estimated at $947,325.22, the last two digits being what it cost in lead pencils to calculate the figure. Principals in the accident included prominent local financier, E.F. Munigrubber, of the firm of *Bucket and Bucket*, Underwriters, who have handled such well-known stock issues as *Consolidated Gold Brick, Amalgamated Brooklyn Bridge*, and *Everglade Uranium Mines*, all of which are currently on the S.E.C. blacklist. Mr. Munigrubber, who is currently under Federal indictment, was riding in an *Orange Cab* (82½—down 2) which narrowly avoided colliding with a *Rolls Royce* (56½—steady) owned by Wastrel V. Croesus, Jr., whose father owns *Oink By-Products* (22¾—up 1), a firm that packs waste pork for dog food and army rations. Riding in the Rolls were the younger Croesus, and a Miss *Choo-Choo La Tour* (36-24-36—firm). In avoiding the accident, a passing pedestrian was critically injured. Luckily, he turned out to be nobody of any importance in the financial world.

REET JUNGLE

Moans & Company, Inc.

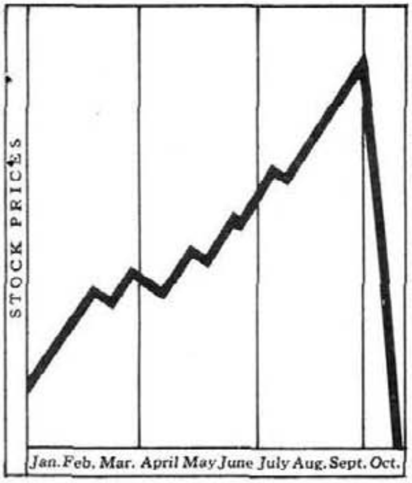
SEPTEMBER 13, 1961 — 10 CENTS

The Weather

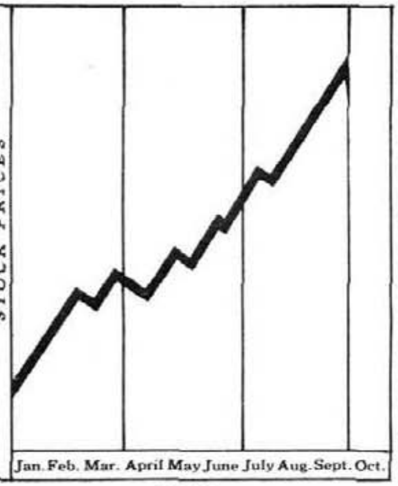
Wall Street area: Cloudy, with occasional showers of despondent investors from upper stories. Temperature 78½, down 2. Pockets of hot air in vicinity of most stock salesmen. Outside Wall Street area: Who cares?

WRITER: PHIL HAHN

Stock Market Approaches All-Time High In Healthy Economy



1929



1961

GRAPHS ABOVE SHOW differences between 1929 economy and 1961 economy. Rising stock sales and prices in 1929 were results of wild market speculation by greedy amateurs. Seemingly identical rise in 1961 is, on the contrary, healthy result of sober investment activity by funds, professionals, and ordinary people. Main difference being that the 1961 crash hasn't come yet.

Skeme Industries Pays Huge Dividend to Preferred Stockholders

William (Big Bill) Skeme, Chairman of the Board of *Skeme Industries*, told the WSJ today that he was happy to announce a dividend payment of $1000 a share to all holders of *Skeme Industries* Preferred Stock, effective October 2nd to holders of record September 10th.

"One reason I'm so happy," chuckled jovial Big Bill, "is that I happen to own all the Preferred Stock!"

As usual, the ten million outstanding shares of Common Stock will receive no dividend again this year.

"Maybe next year," said Mr. Skeme hopefully.

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. Fiscal Q. McTavish, Scotch chickpea baron and well-known pinchpenny millionaire, died today in his efficiency apartment above the Fulton Fish Market. Although Mr. McTavish was known to be worth over 200 million dollars, not one cent of his vast fortune, which he recently converted into cash, could be found. It is therefore presumed that he took it with him.

Brokerage House to be

This Week On Wall Street

A Calendar of The Week's Outstanding Events

MONDAY—4 P. M.

Charity Bazaar and Rummage Sale at the New York Stock Exchange. Thirteen Million shares of "White Elephant" securities will be auctioned off for the benefit of Old Broker's Home. Sample items include: 137,000 shares of *Pony Express, Inc.*; 2,495,000 shares of *Confederate States Industries*; and 1,746,000 shares of *Moxie Beverages Corp.*

* * *

TUESDAY—3 A. M.

Burning of Socialist Party Headquarters by members of the Wall Street Vigilante Society, to be followed by a window-stoning of S.E.C. Headquarters. Refreshments will be served.

* * *

WEDNESDAY—12:30 P. M.

Testimonial Luncheon given by the "Financiers, Investors and Manipulators' Association" in honor of Daddy Warbucks.

* * *

THURSDAY—5:01 P. M.

Wall Street Secretaries' Protective Association meeting, ladies room, *Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Cowznofski*. Judo films will be shown.

* * *

FRIDAY—11 A. M.

Ticker-tape parade for "Cleverest Money-Maker of the Past Decade", honoring Charles Van Doren.

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Down Memory Lane with The Wall Street Jungle

40 Years Ago

The Stock Market was reeling today from price collapses in several important areas. A state of shock seized many financiers as they watched *United Gunpowder, Springfield Firearms, Spad Aviation, Consolidated Iron Helmets*, and several related companies drop a combined total of 726½ points. Blame for this economic disaster was placed squarely on the shoulders of President Wilson, whose stupid idealistic blundering brought World War I to an untimely end yesterday.

—Nov. 12, 1918 Issue

100 Years Ago

Investors in the Broadway hit show, "The Importance of Being Alfred", received bad news today when it was learned that their popular matinee idol had withdrawn from the title role. Shares of stock in the production company dropped from 127½ to 2½ in a matter of hours. Hope for a rally dwindled when it became apparent that no known star would consider replacing the leading man, John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Booth assassinated President Lincoln last night.

—April 15, 1865 Issue

20 Years Ago

Far Eastern and South Pacific securities and some domestic shipping stocks were down today in lively trading. Scattered but heavy losses in *Dole Pineapple, Scrap Metal Exporting Corp.*, and *Mitsubishi Aircraft* were attributed partly to technical factors, and partly to the fact that Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese yesterday.

—Dec. 8, 1941 Issue

30 Years Ago

IT'S A CRASH! THE BOTTOM HAS FALLEN OUT OF THE MARKET! SELL! SELL! WE'RE ALL DOOMED! HELP! WE'LL ALL BE RUINED! ETAOIN SHRDLU?$!!

—Oct. 29, 1929 Issue

* * *

Thought For The Day

"Evil is the root of all money!"

BULLETIN

SPECIAL TO THE WALL STREET JUNGLE

Sir Reginald Keyne Insidore, noted economist, who has correctly predicted every recession and depression since 1902, sold all of his holdings in everything yesterday. An article analyzing his reasons will be published in tomorrow's Wall Street Jungle, if there is a Wall Street tomorrow.

Changes in Holdings

Who's Manipulating What—

The following officers, directors, and large stockholders of the listed companies bought or sold their own company's stock last week, raising the age-old question: "Just what are those crooks up to now?"

ACME BUSINESS MACHINES: Arnold Funkhauser, Vice President, bought 20,000 shares at 25½, which is pretty cagey of him since he sold the same 20,000 shares two weeks ago at 61¾, causing a near-panic in the issue and forcing the price down to its present low. Good going, Arnold!

POOBAH POULTRY CORP.: The Shop Foreman and all seven members of the steering committee of Chicken Pluckers Local 801 sold all of their stock in *Poobah Poultry Corp.*, a combined total of 7,894 shares. Local 801's work contract with *Poobah* expires next week.

FOBB WATCH CO.: Sidney Sneeb, Treasurer of *Fobb Watches*, sold 25,000 shares at 85½ last Friday. This turned out to be a pretty astute maneuver, as the stock dropped to 14½ on the opening Monday, following news of the discovery that the entire monthly payroll had disappeared from the company safe. Mr. Sneeb could not be reached for comment on his financial coup. It is thought he is currently vacationing in Argentina or some other place which doesn't have an extradition agreement with the U.S.

CUBAN SUGAR CORP.: In an interesting transaction recently, Orville Gomez, the only non-American stockholder in *Cuban Sugar Corp.*, sold 137,000 shares, completely eliminating his holdings in the company. The reason this is an interesting transaction is that Mr. Gomez is Cuba's Director of Nationalization, and decides which industries will be seized by the Castro government.

ATOMIC CONVEYANCES CORP.: Melvin Pierpont Carnegie, large stockholder in *Standard Oil, General Motors, Shell Oil, Chrysler Corp., Ford, Studebaker-Packard, American Motors* and *Socony* sold all of his holdings in these companies, a total of 17,682,950 shares. Mr. Carnegie then bought 3,000,000 shares of *Atomic Conveyances*, an obscure company which is rumored to have developed a low-priced atomic-powered automobile. Mr. Carnegie also purchased 1,000,000 shares of the same company in the name of H. T. Stuley. Mr. Stuley, it turns out, is the washroom attendant at *Atomic's* Research Laboratory—which just goes to show how important inside information is to a Financier.

BAUMGARTEN TOOL AND DIE CO.: Raoul Baumgarten, Chairman of the Board of *Baumgarten Tool and Die*, gave all 8 million shares of his stock in the company to a charitable organization as a gift, thus completing a tax-free transfer. He then declared *Baumgarten Tool and Die* in bankruptcy, and paid off $0.001 on the dollar to creditors whom the company owed a total of $1,623,479.62. This brought total payments to $1625.48, which represented the income derived from the sale of the company's factory, machinery, and inventory to Mr. Baumgarten's brother-in-law. Beneficiary of the stock gift was the *Baumgarten Memorial Axolotl Research Foundation*, which is administered by, of all people, Mrs. Baumgarten. Upon receipt of the gift, Mrs. Baumgarten immediately hired a new Treasurer to administer the new funds. The new employee? Who else? Raoul Baumgarten!

This announcement is not an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities. The offering is made only by prospectus. On the other hand, this announcement is not meant to discourage anybody looking to make a fast buck. Actually, it's our sneaky way of getting around an S.E.C. regulation intended to protect investors. So just ignore this tiny type and go buy the stock. Don't be intimidated by little things like Federal laws. We're not.

NEW ISSUE

September 12, 1961

200,000 Shares

(and we can print plenty more)

CONSOLIDATED ENGINE SLUDGE

Common (very) Stock

(par value $1.00 per share)
(Cash value – nothing)

Price: A Steal at $70.00 Per Share

(We steal $70.00 per share from you, that is!)

Copies of the Prospectus and Shares of Stock may be obtained from any of the F.B.I.'s ten most wanted Wall Street Confidence Men, or simply leave your order with the money (small, unmarked bills, please) in the Old Oak Tree in front of Trinity Church.

GUESS, HOUGH & CO.,

Home Offices located on Fishing Boat "Betsy"
Anchored just beyond the Five-Mile Limit

BE PREPARED FOR THE NEXT CRASH with a

GERONIMO!

"POP-OUT" PICTURE WINDOW



When you're ready to jump, why risk lacerating tourists and innocent bystanders by jumping through an old-fashioned picture window? Now, **Geronimo! "Pop-Out" Picture Windows** take the "sue" out of suicide! And they're re-usable, in case your heirs decide to go into the same stupid business that ruined you! Have yours installed today!

When Everything's On The Way Down—Including YOU—Say,

"GERONIMO!"

°°A sane loon

Under-the-Counter Securities

The following bid and asked quotations from the National Association of Under-the-Counter Securities Dealers, Inc., do not represent actual transactions, since nobody would be crazy enough to buy them. They are a guide to the range within which these securities could have been sold (indicated by the "bid") or bought (indicated by the "asked") if any sucker showed up, and the boys got a chance to go to work on them.

	Bid	Asked	Prev. Bid
Ace Fingerprint Eradicator	31¾	31½	30
Acme Patent Infringement Co.	19	20	18
Allstate Lock-picking Devices	54½	53¼	52
Amalgamated Shell Games	44	47	45½
American Bookies	4¾	5¾	4½
Associated Counterfeiters	18	19½	17¾
Blackmail Pictures Corp.	3½	4	2
Brooklyn Bridge Investment Corp.	41	45	42
Consolidated Mafia Enterprises	37	39	22
East Coast Smuggling Corp.	2½	5	2¼
Fagin Correspondence Schools	10	11½	10
Hideout Motels Corp.	65	64	65½
Hi-Jack Trucking Lines	97	97¼	97¾
Horserooms, Ltd.	27½	29	30¼
Hot Cars Inc.	66½	68	66½
Intercontinental Gold Brick	13½	18	19

	Bid	Asked	Prev. Bid
Interstate Sabotage	33¾	37	31
International Plug Nickel	77	77	76½
Jolly Roger Steamship Lines	38½	40	38½
Klan Sheet and Hood Co.	9	8¼	7¾
Metropolitan Graft	90	92	91
Midwestern Extortionists	37	39¾	36
Mountain Moonshiners	100	102½	99¾
Murder, Inc.	10½	11½	3¼
Mutual Check Kiting Co.	87¾	88½	88
My-T-Fine Narcotic Importers	7¼	8½	7¾
National Tax Evaders	66½	70	65¼
Plagiarism Press Publishing Co.	12	13	11
Reliable Fence Co.	176	175	170
Second Story Industries	7½	8	7
Swag Warehouse Co.	9½	8½	7
United Zip Gun	5¾	5¾	4
Western Jay-Walkers	79	84¼	77¾
You-Need-It Protection	57	59½	58½

Classified THE MART *Advertising*

NATIONAL EXCHANGE FOR PERSONNEL, PRODUCTS, SERVICES AND NEFARIOUS SCHEMES

Employers and Employees Meeting Place

POSITION AVAILABLE

BANK TELLER

Must have independent income, desire job for hobby only; to work in bank that's sick and tired of having its funds embezzled by idiots who play the stock market. Send Dun & Bradstreet credit rating to Box 1235, WSJ.

Experienced Con Man

To sell worthless electronic stock to gullible greedy tourists. Must have good Ivy League appearance, be able to talk fast, and run even faster. Salary, commission, stock option. Box 4678 WSJ.

STOCK ANALYST
To advise well-known broker's clients on good growth situations and sound investments. Must have thorough knowledge of all market-prediction techniques, including charting, coin-flipping, and Ouija board reading. Exweather forecasters need not apply. Box 7-11 WSJ.

ENGRAVER
Preferably now employed by U.S. Government, to do highly technical engravings for Wall Street printing firm. Must be familiar with faces of Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton, etc. A real money-making opportunity for a man with talent, brains, and nerve. Call HOod 9-1199, and ask for "The Crusher".

CAPITAL WANTED

FRENCH POODLE
Recently willed 2 million dollars by rich, eccentric old lady, wishes to buy into Dog Food concern. Call AL 4-5599, and ask for "Fifi".

POSITIONS WANTED

CORPORATION PRESIDENT

Former U.S. Govt. executive with some administration experience seeks high-type employment as Corporation President mornings, with afternoons off for playing golf. Expert at finalizing and rationalizing. Willing to travel, except to Japan and U.S.S.R. Write Box 1, Gettysburg, Penna.

BROKER-TRAINEE
Young man with all qualifications for financial work (grey suits, button-down shirts, Italian shoes, homburg, etc.) seeks position requiring little intelligence and lots of greed. College experience includes cheating on exams and fixing games. Good with figures, especially female. Box 678 WSJ.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BROKERS WANTED

By F.B.I. See pictures and descriptions in Wall Street Station Post Office. Liberal rewards mean extra income for any fink interested.

CAPITAL TO INVEST

AMBITIOUS

Young, brilliant business whiz, capable of running shoestring into million dollars desires to meet backer with shoestring. Prefer black or brown – sorry, no plaids. Box 798 WSJ.

Letters *To the* Editor

Sick and Tired

Editor, The Wall Street Jungle

I am sick and tired of never seeing anything but investment and financial news in your crummy paper. Don't you guys ever think about anything else besides stocks and bonds?

Homer Duntz
Phlegm, N. J.

Of course! Occasionally we think about money. —ed.

* * *

Bull-Looney

Editor, The Wall Street Jungle

I've been holding 1000 shares of *Phlugg Chemical* for the past two years, waiting for a "Bull Market"—that is to say, waiting for its price to start going up. Instead, it went steadily down, all the way from 94 to 16½ last week. I have up and sold out. Now the price has zoomed to 115½. How do you explain this?

Charles Zorch
Bareface, L. I.

That's the way the Bull bounces, Charlie.—ed.

* * *

Nerves of Steal

Editor, The Wall Street Jungle

I am a teller in a Manhattan bank. Six months ago, I embezzled $5,000 and bought 150 shares of *United Egg-Foo-Yung*. The company went broke and I lost the five grand. Then I embezzled $10,000 and invested in *American Wildcat Oilwells*. They drilled 327 dry holes, and I lost the ten grand too. Next, I embezzled $50,000 and speculated in *Quick-Frozen Matzoh Balls*, but the company couldn't pay the electric bill, and everything melted and rotted and I lost the fifty grand on that. I hear that the bank examiners are coming in next week, and I am desperate. Please tell me what to buy now?

Name Witheld
New York City

Buy Brazilian Airways Supercoach Overnight Flight, one way.—ed.

* * *

Widow's Might

Editor, The Wall Street Jungle

I am a recent widow, and I would like to invest my late husband's insurance money wisely, so that I will have a comfortable income for the rest of my days. Would you recommend a good, reliable, upstanding, intelligent, respectable and honest broker to me?

Mrs. Ethel Sweete
Innocent, Miss.

No, because there's no such thing.—ed.

* * *

Give and Take

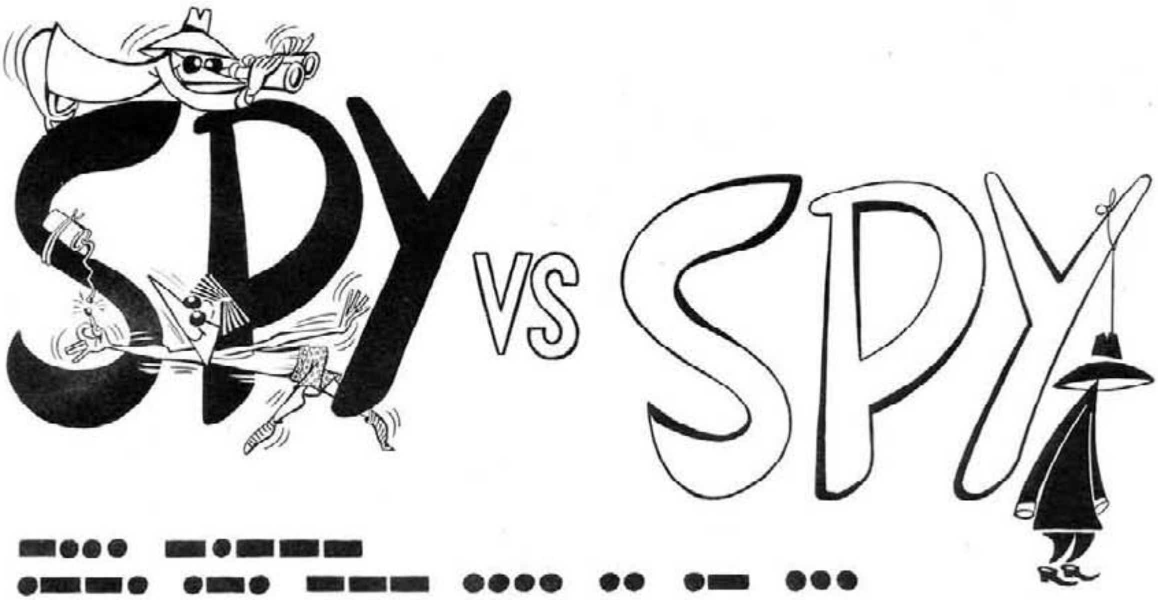
Editor, The Wall Street Jungle

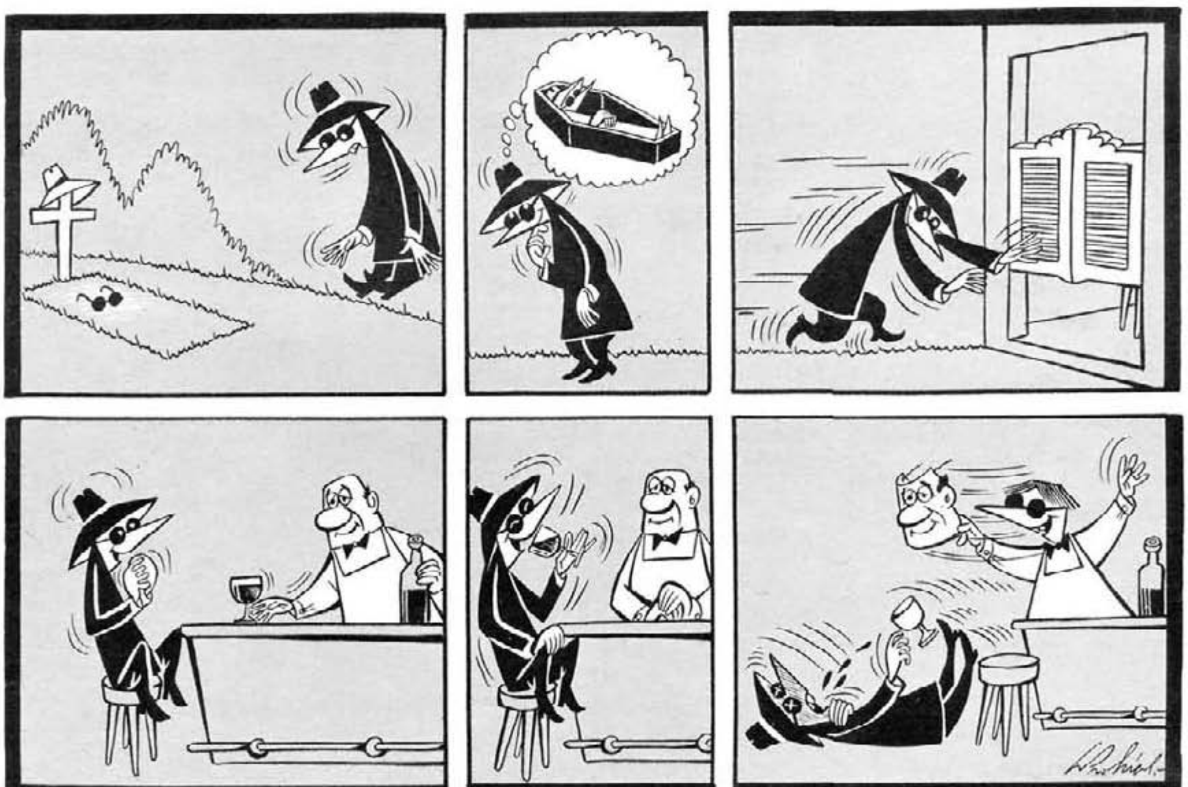
A man stopped me on Wall Street last week and said he had a hot tip on a stock. He offered to let me in on it if I would invest $10,000—$9,000 for myself and $1,000 for him. I agreed, gave him the thousand dollars to seal the bargain, and went back to my office. There, I picked up THE WALL STREET JUNGLE, and read your article revealing that Amalgamated Fly Swatter was a phony corporation invented by con-men. This guy is supposed to come by tomorrow for the other $9,000, but thanks to my careful reading of your fine paper, I am not going to give him the money. I'll bet he took me for a thick-headed dullard!

J. Byrd
Sparr, O.

No, he took you for a thousand dollars.—ed.

Antonio Prohias is a famous Cuban artist who defied the censorship of the Castro regime with anti-Communist cartoons—until he was forced to flee Havana with his life. Now, he graces MAD with his cartoon sequence of friendly rivalry called—





..A stupid old owl

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD DEPT.

In the last ten years, TV viewers have witnessed many absurdities on their home screens, like "Snow"—"Test Patterns"—"Cigarette Commercials"—and "The Rebel". But television is currently offering something that beats them all for ridiculousness—namely the policy of announcing at the end of each program exactly what went into the production of the show. This policy came about as a result of the recent Senate investigation into dishonesty on television. Using typical TV-logic, the network brass came up with the idea that if they admit faking portions of their offerings, it would relieve them of their responsibilites. MAD feels this is preposterous, and the following article proves it by showing that . . .

ADMISSIONS OF DISHONESTY STILL DON'T MAKE IT RIGHT!

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

AT THE END OF A TV SHOW, THEY'LL INCLUDE A STATEMENT ADMITTING DISHONESTY, LIKE:



TO SHOW YOU HOW ABSURD THIS WHOLE IDEA IS, HERE'S WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE SAME LINE OF REASONING WERE TO BE CARRIED OVER INTO OTHER AREAS OF EVERYDAY LIFE . . .

APPLYING FOR EMPLOYMENT

For the purpose of obtaining this job, I have exaggerated several items on this application—namely: my education, my previous experience, and my mother's maiden name. I have also omitted mentioning that I was fired from my last job—by my father; that I spent six months out of work sponging off my sister Phyllis; and that the only other job I ever had came to an end when I caught the mumps and had the entire office quarantined—at the height of the busy season. Only the first names of my references are real, and my signature is missing because I never learned to write.



SIGNING A MOTION PICTURE CONTRACT

The contract you have just signed obligates you to the following unlisted conditions: that you date the Producer, mainly **me,** at least twice a week—and at least four times a week when my wife is out of town; that, when and if you attain star status, the schedule will remain the same only **you** will pick up the tabs; that any younger sisters you may have will become the exclusive property of Georgie Jessel; and that any remuneration you will receive for appearing on TV shows to plug your pictures is to be **kicked back** to the studio to be used to finance the cost of Charlton Heston's next Cinemascope Spectacular.

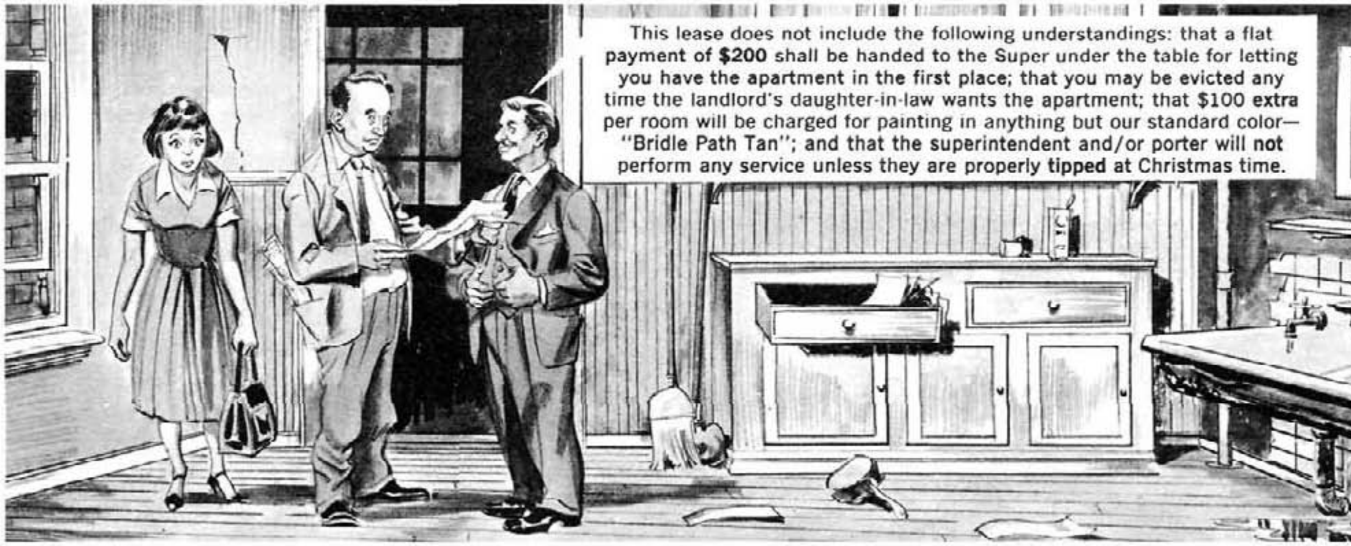


DELIVERING AN AUTO REPAIR BILL

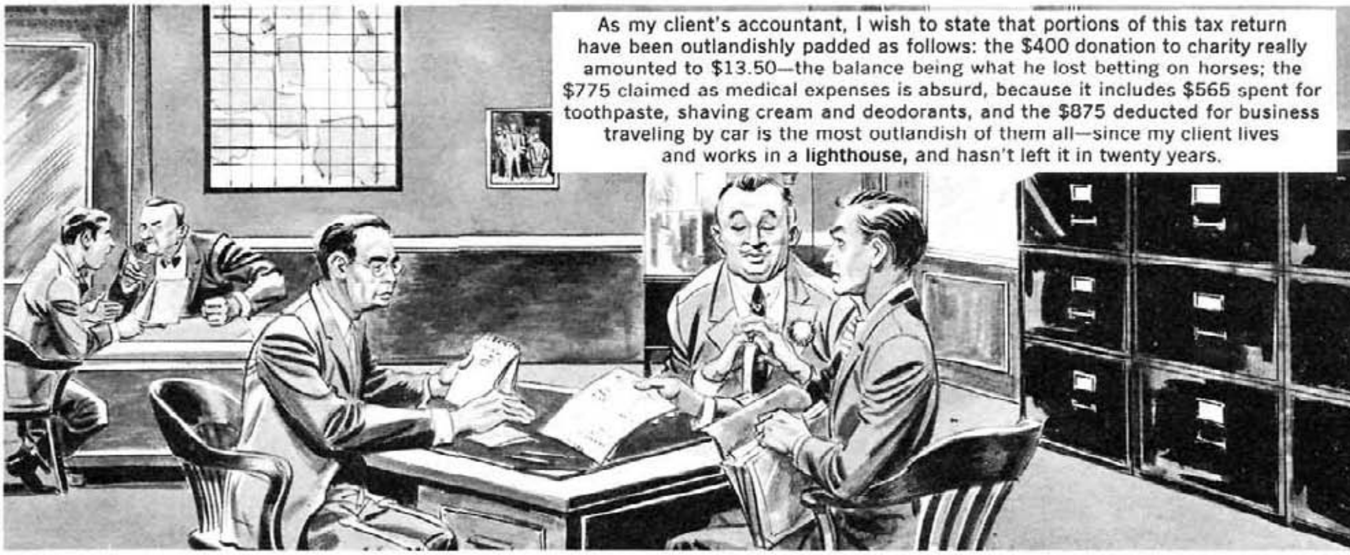
The attached bill does not take into account the following facts: we never even **looked** at your transmission; your battery was in perfect condition when we removed it; the carburetor wasn't really adjusted because we personally don't know **where** it is; actually, we only kicked the two **front** tires; and we deliberately added the bill **wrong** in our favor.



RENTING AN APARTMENT



SUBMITTING AN INCOME TAX FORM



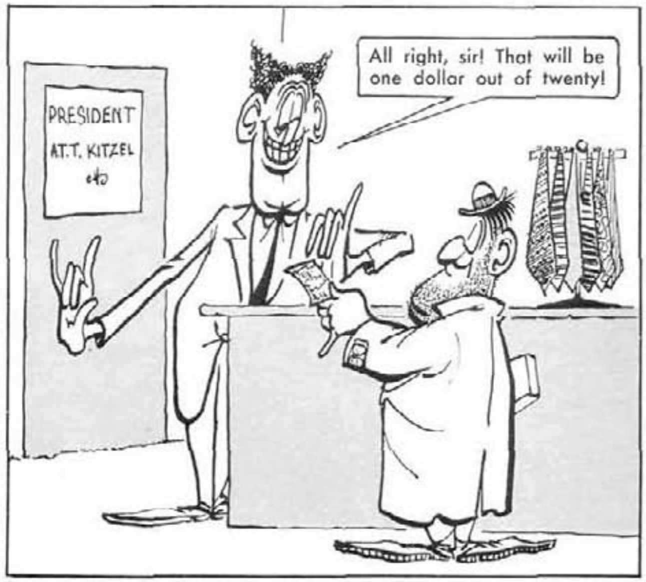
AWARDING A BUILDING CONTRACT



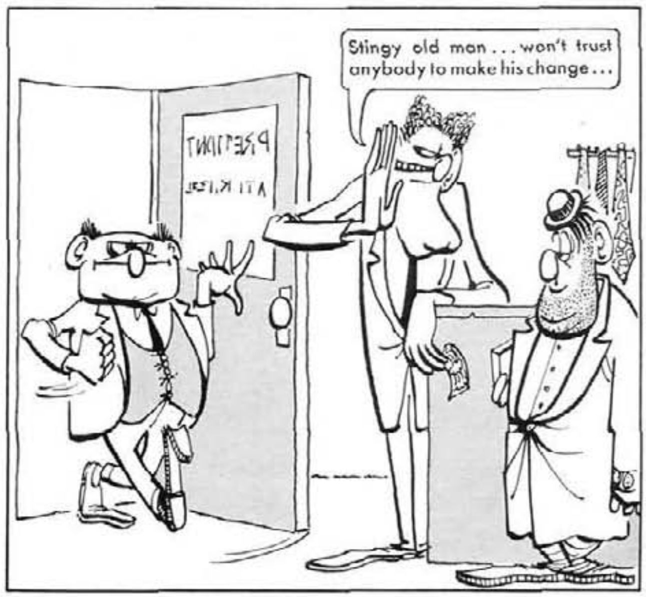
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

Back again to Don Martin, who considers himself an average consumer (if you call consuming a fifth a day average!) and an experience which "registered" permanently in his memory . . . the time he shopped at

KITZEL'S DEPARTMENT STORE







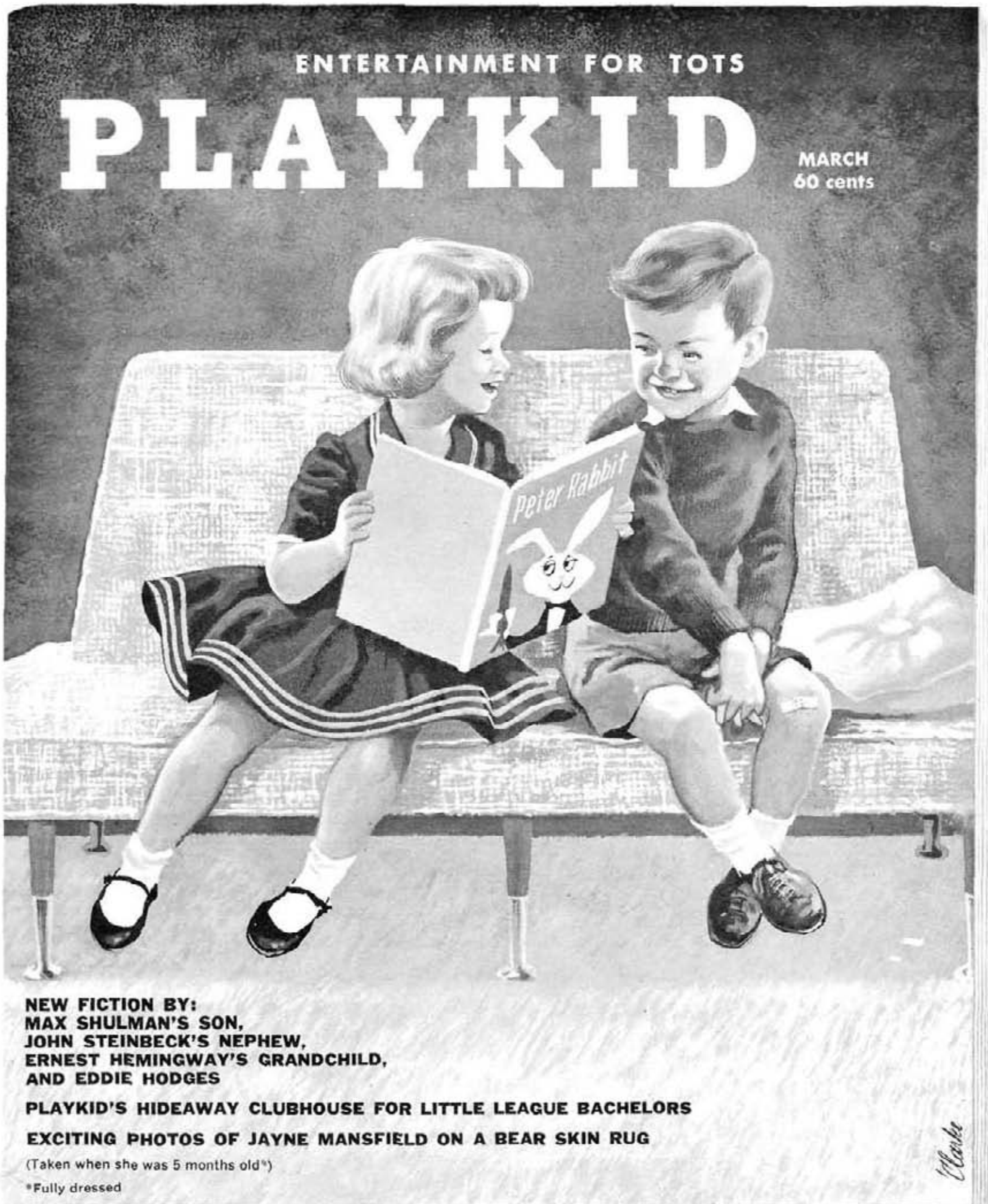
..A rich churchmouse





YOUNG SNOB-NOSE DEPT.

There is a growing concern today as to whether or not our children are being properly trained for the adult world that lies ahead of them. So, among other things, manufacturers have come out with games like "Junior Scrabble" to prepare kids for the real "Scrabble"; toy electric trains for future locomotive engineers: "Junior Medical Kits" for the doctor of tomorrow, and so on. We at MAD think this practice should be extended into other areas as well. F'rinstance, magazines! We believe today's kids should be properly trained for reading adult magazines tomorrow by offering them "Junior Editions" of the same right now. We *had* planned on putting out a "Junior Edition" of MAD for kids three-years-old and up until we made a sad discovery: namely three-year-old kids are already reading MAD. So we're doing the next best thing: our "Junior Version" of that sophisticated adult magazine for men... PLAYBOY...



**An impatient saint

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Sports Kiddie Cars P. 5



Crazy Feeding P. 19



Unprintable Pictures P. 35

CONTENTS FOR THE TOT'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

LOU M. HAFFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPOCK *associate publisher and child care director*

JACK KASSIE *spelling corrector*
ROBERT PRESSUREBANDAGE *circulation mgr.*
JAY NORTH *contributing editor*
MOE LAWNS *extra-income editor*
HANK KETCHAM *baby sitter for cont. ed.*
EUGENE NOODNICK *editor's cousin*
HIDOWN CELLER *avoid spankings editor*
AUNT JANIE PILGRIM *office mascot*

PLAYKID

vol. 1, no. 3—march, 1960

DEAR PLAYKID

ADDRESS PLAYKID • TREE HOUSE • 232ND ELM UP OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL.

PROSPECTIVE PLAYMATE

Enclosed is a photo of me in my new Bikini. As you can see, I am an adorable young lady of eight. I am interested in becoming a Playkid "Playmate of the Month," and posing just like this in your center page foldout. I have golden hair, hazel eyes, ruby-red lips, and sparkling-silver braces on both my upper and lower teeth. My measurements are a perfect: 22-22-22.

Josie Jones
Dallas, Texas



CAMP LETTER

Congratulations on a really solid magazine. All of us "midgets" here at Camp Ronkonkonkompoma dig it the most. We wonder if you could do us boys a favor. We're getting sick and tired of looking at the ugly face of our 73-year old counselor, Uncle Marvin. Any chance of your beautiful office mascot, Aunt Janie Pilgrim, coming out to visit us?

Johnny Jay
Portland, Me.

Your problems are solved. Aunt Janie will arrive next Saturday. When 73-year-old Uncle Marvin sees her, he won't live to reach 74.

MARBLE-SHOOTERS POLL

Just saw the winners of PLAYKID's All-Star Marble-Shooters Poll in your February Issue. Nowhere, man! Where does a square shooter like Timmy Tucker come off making the aggie-champ scene? Like he's from Hungersville on close-up shots near the shim, man! And he's got one of the outest collections of realies and puries in the business! What's with you cats? How come you left out the swingingest of all hipsters from Immiesville? I mean "Dirty Knuckles" O'Day! Man, like your mag and me are in Splitsville. From now on, I'm subscribing to ESQUIRT.

Herbie Cool
Greenwich Village, N. Y.

FEBRUARY PLAYMATE

Where, or where did you ever find that gorgeous February "Playmate of the Month," Rosemary Ann Finkhoffer? She has the most beautiful expression on her face that I have ever seen. She looks as if she's frowning, pouting, crying, and smiling all at the same time. How did you ever capture it with a camera?

Davey Willis
Dover, Del.

We hired the best photographer in the world to take the picture, he used a $7000 super-speed Nikon-Ikon B, and mainly he caught six-month-old Rosemary Ann when she was teething.

STROLLERSVILLE

I'd like to congratulate Ken Birdie for an excellent article on Foreign Baby Carriages in your last issue. As a hip two-year-old swinging stud from Hollywood, I followed Mr. Birdie's advice and had my seven sets of parents chip in and buy me a new Buggygatti 56S-C Italian Sports Stroller. You will be happy to know that I get as much as 14 miles per mother with it, in city traffic.

Jocko Brown
Beverly Hills, Calif.

FASHIONVILLE

As a smart, sophisticated urban cat of 11 months, mark me down as a real PLAYKID fan. I especially dig those crazy fashion articles by Blake Ruther. I wonder if you could tell me what goes best with a high-fashion Continental-style high chair bib?

Baba Cudahy
Chicago, Illinois

Smart strained-food globs, cool drippings from cool botties, and sophisticated eggie yolks.

TOBACCOVILLE

As a hip seven-year-old, I really dug your article on "Smoking for Sophisticated Juveniles" in the January Issue. However, I have a few questions I'd like to ask on the subject. First, how come the tobacco you advised we get from discarded cigarette butts always seems to make my bubble pipe burn? Second, how can I change this coarse smoker's hack I've developed into a real sophisticated cough? And last, what's the best thing for a purple face?

Phil Morris
Duluth, Minn.



THE FIVE YEAR OLD SWINGING HIPSTER FROM FAROUTSVILLE AND THE DOUBLE-CROSSING SLICK CHICK

a cool tale of a guy, a chick, and that old devil: frustration

fiction **by HERBIE GOULD**

BRUCIE SMITH WAS ANGRY. As angry as only a sophisticated five-year-old swinging hipster from Faroutsville could get when he's been let down by a double-crossing slick chick.

He nudged his sleek foreign sports scooter made with a hip Italian olive crate and smart skate wheels to a stop, hopped off, roared into his pad, and slammed the door.

He flung his sports cap and goggles on the combination TV-bar-bed, and mixed himself an Ovaltine and Pet Milk highball.

"If there's one thing I don't dig," said Brucie between sips, "it's a double-crossing chick who lets you down!"

He slipped his hip new LP, "Little League Dugout Noises," on the stereo turntable, and filled his sophisticated bubble pipe with smart Italian soap and imported English water.

"What's the matter, Brucie?" his mother asked as she walked into the room and began dusting his sophisticated stuffed animal collection. "You look troubled for a five-year-old-swinging hipster."

"That double-crossing chick let me down," he sullenly replied.

"That's too bad, Son", she said, watching him chug-a-lug his Ovaltine highball, stagger around the room, and fall into his Italian-style toy chest. "But don't let it get you down. After all, these things happen sometimes. Even to kids who live on farms in Faroutsville, Ohio."

"But, Mom," said Brucie, as he climbed to his feet and brushed off his tapered, Continental-style corduroy Levis, "I was looking forward to having a swinging jelly-omelet for breakfast this morning."

"I'll bet that chick doesn't double-cross you tomorrow," his mother smiled, and winked with a knowledge that comes from a whole lot of hip experience. "I'll bet when you go into that henhouse tomorrow, you'll find she's laid *two* eggs for you—just to make up for none today!"

"Sure," Brucie pouted, fingering his sophisticated custom-built blackboard, "but what about my swinging jelly omelet?"

"You'll have a hip bowl of Wheatena and like it!", she said, giving him a hit on the side of his sophisticated head, and

(Continued on page 73)

HIP FASHIONS FOR ON-THE-BLOCK PLAYKIDS

attire **By BLAKE RUTHER**

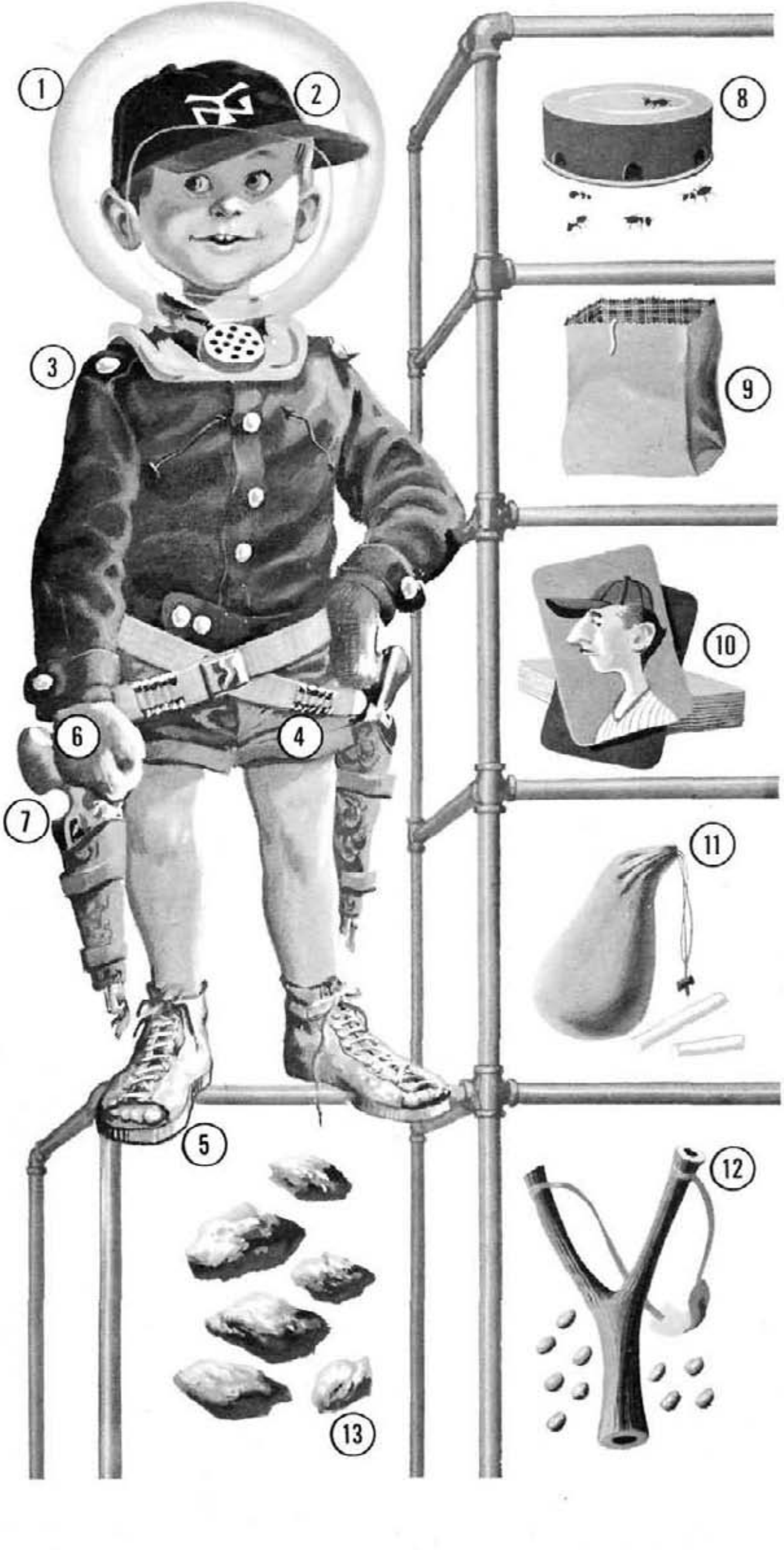
Swinging Kindergarteners and Sophisticated First through Fourth Graders will want to include the following items on their after-hours "must-list" for the school season.

REGULAR ATTIRE

(1) Bold imported plastic wash-and-wear space helmet, by Woolworth, $2.50. (2) Sophisticated rugged imitation-wool New York Yankees baseball cap, worn under helmet, by Berra, $3.40. (3) Hip hand-stitched black cowhide "Dragons A.C." club jacket, with stylish silver buttons, by Junior Motorcycle Fashions, $14.80. (4) Smart cotton short-shorts with swinging *built-in* imported Italian didies for that every-so-often on-the-block emergency, by Johnsoni & Johnsoni, $6.50. (5) Sophisticated white sneakers with hip holes at each smart big toe, by Keds, $2.35. (6) Oversized brown burlap gloves for fashionable snow-ball free-for-alls, by Frostbite, $1.99. (7) Smart stainless steel six-guns in handstitched holsters with Continental web belt and year's supply of sophisticated crimson pistol caps, by Earp, $3.25 (price is for caps only).

POCKET ACCESSORIES

(8) custom-made black-and-gold ant trap with twenty-four sophisticated urban red ants, by Itchy Creations, $1.98. (9) Plaid mohair-lined brown paper bag with thirteen hip stereo-loving inch worms, by Digger, $2.49. (10) Fifty smart and exclusive baseball cards featuring players who own Ivy League suits and foreign sports cards but play terrible, by Topps, $1.29. (11) Soft-combed Indian madras chalk bag, by Markum, $2.25. (12) Imported Italian-style sling shot with 100 sophisticated beans, by Bye Bye Eye, $3.95. (13) Ten smart jagged rocks for lump-making on sophisticated heads, by The Corner Lot, free.



MISS MARCH

PLAYKID'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



NOTE: BECAUSE PLAYKID MAGAZINE USES YOUNG, INEXPERIENCED PRINTERS, EVERY SO OFTEN OUR FOLDOUT GETS CRUMPLED IN THE PRINTING PRESS. BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS. IT HAPPENS VERY RARELY — PERHAPS ONCE IN EVERY 200,000 ISSUES.


"Do you ever get the feeling we're being watched?"
Falls, 5 days on
igestive Tract!"

Have you ever wondered what the creatures who populate the world invisible to the naked eye are thinking? F'rinstance, do microbes favor Universal Military Training? How do viruses feel about this season's Television Programming? Are protozoas preparing to recognize Red China? These, and other vital questions have gone unanswered far too long! Unfortunately, they'll remain unanswered by this article, which we call . . .

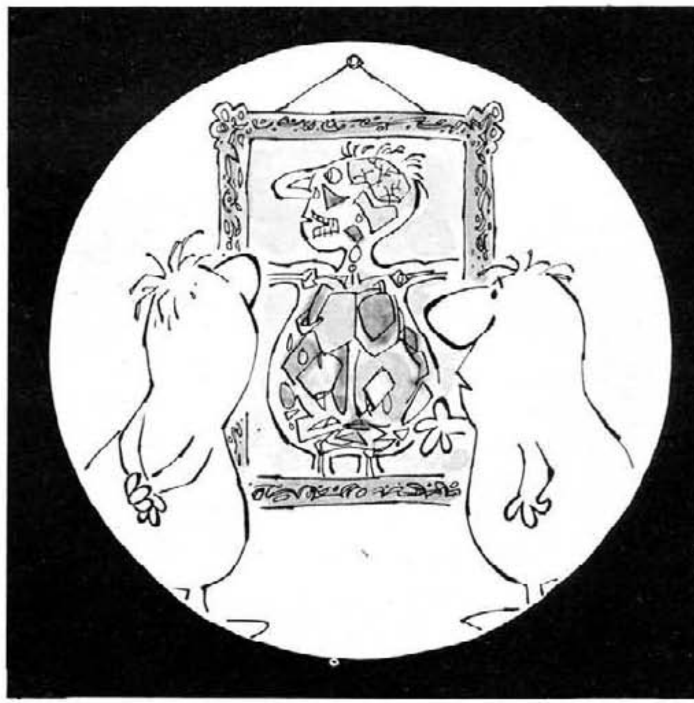
A MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

WRITER: PHIL HAHN

**A live doornail



"Looks like Ralph picked up a virus again!"



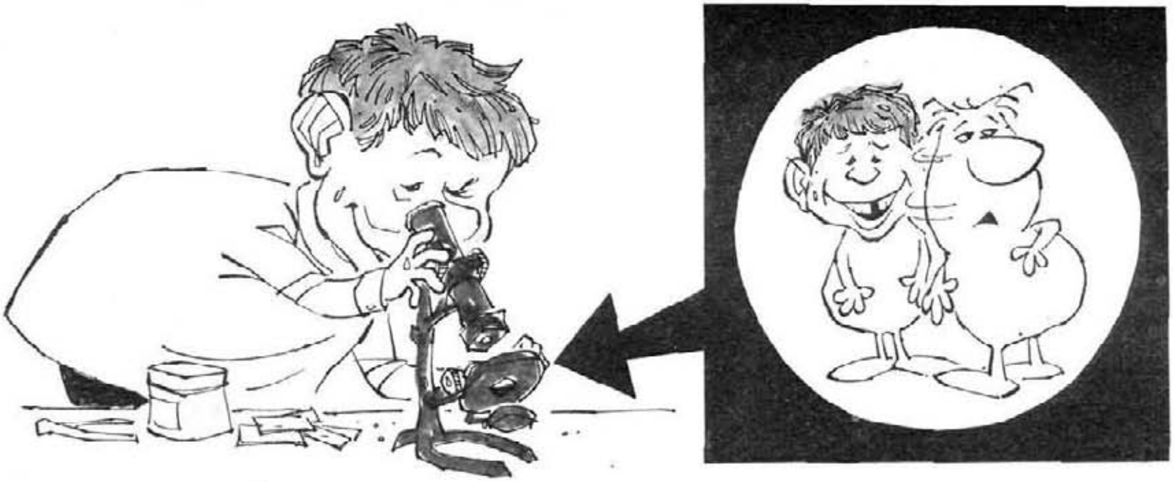
"It's called: 'Artist's Conception of the World We Live In'!"



"Saddle up, boys! We'll head 'em off at the pancreas!"



"It's those blasted Red Corpsucles again! Every May Day it's the same old thing!



"Do you ever get the feeling we're being watched?"

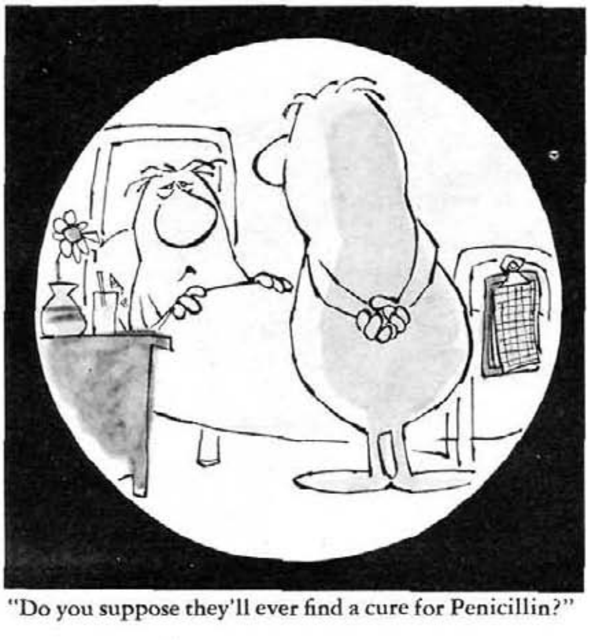
**An intellectual click



"First chance I get, I'm moving to the extremities. At least I'll be able to find a place to park!"

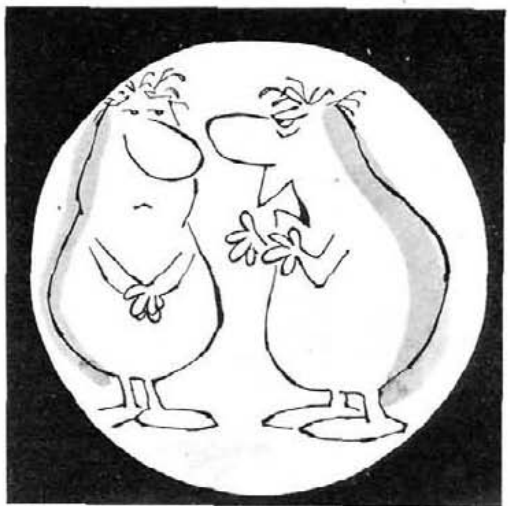


"It was a wonderful vacation—2 days at Cardiac Falls, 5 days on Gall Stone beach, and a leisurely sail down the Digestive Tract!"



"Do you suppose they'll ever find a cure for Penicillin?"

"It's not that I'm prejudiced against viruses . . . It's just that I don't want my sister to marry one!"





"Damn the Antibiotics! Full speed ahead!"

••A drunken judge



"There's nothing like a nice cheery heart-burn to warm up a cold winter's night!"



"Mother's busy right now, Willie. Run on out and infect something!"



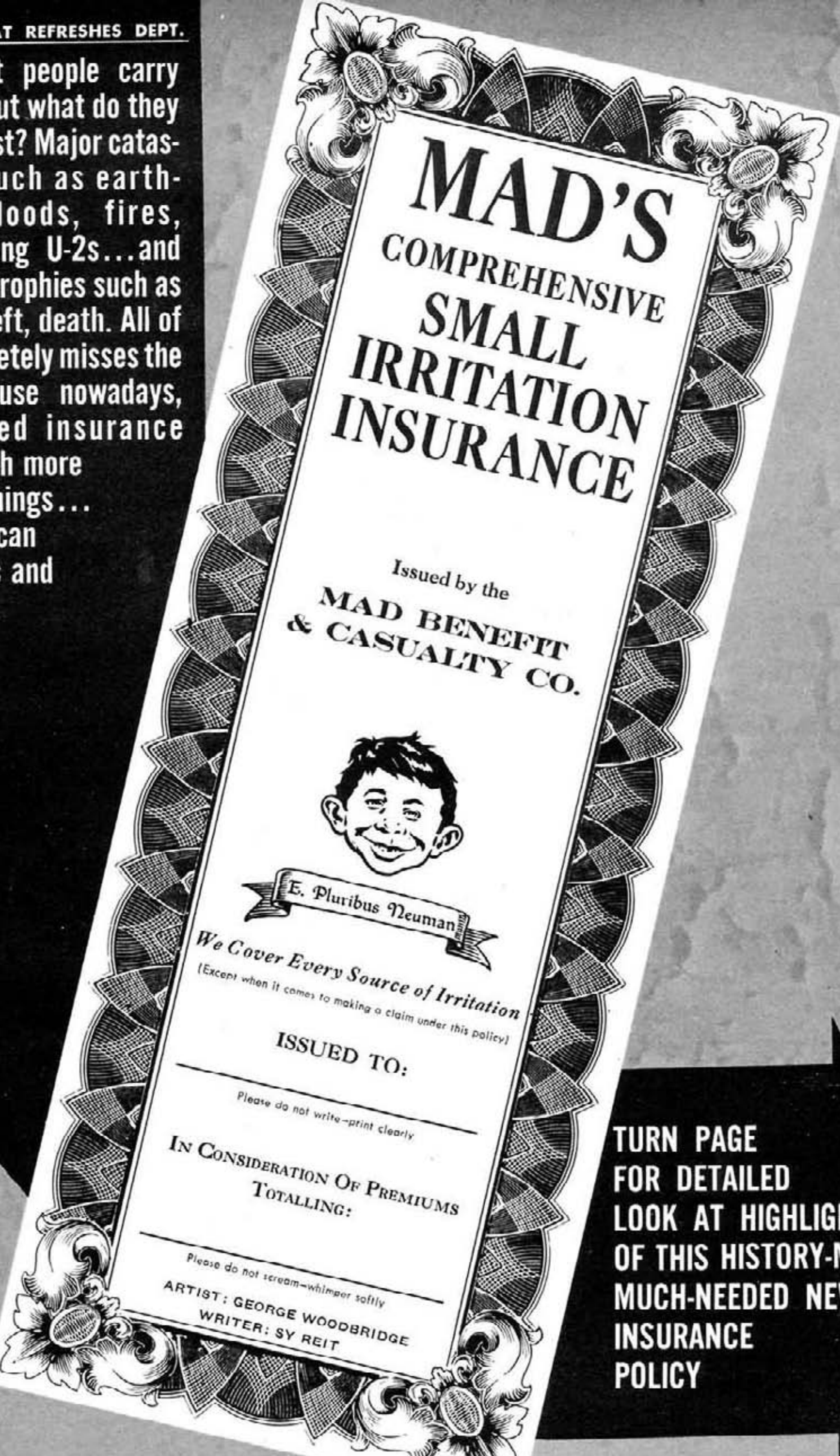
"I say it tastes like Streptomycin—and I say to hell with it!"



"There's old George . . still trying to isolate the cold germ!"

THE CLAUSE THAT REFRESHES DEPT.

Today, most people carry insurance. But what do they insure against? Major catastrophies such as earthquakes, floods, fires, storms, falling U-2s...and minor catastrophies such as burglary, theft, death. All of which completely misses the point. Because nowadays, people need insurance against much more important things... things that can cause havoc and destruction, like those covered fully by...



TURN PAGE FOR DETAILED LOOK AT HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS HISTORY-MAKING MUCH-NEEDED NEW INSURANCE POLICY

Section 1.

MISSING SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT Insurance

This section provides cash benefit to claimant when he buys heavy Sunday paper, drags it home, and discovers that one (or more) of the sections have been left out.[1]

Amount of payment will be based on the following Standard Frustration Table:

Comic Supplement missing	$5.00
Sports Section missing	$3.98
Magazine Insert missing	$1.50
Help Wanted Section missing	$ .02
Walter Winchell's Column missing	Claimant pays Company $10.00

[1]Not applicable to Sunday papers weighing less than 21 pounds.





Section 2.

UNANNOUNCED DROPPING-IN Insurance

This codicil protects the insured against unexpected visits by the following persons, either living or dead, or by any facsimile thereof, with automatic double-indemnity applying over week-ends.

DROPPER-IN.	PAYMENT
Your Mother-In-Law	$ 18.00
Other "In-Laws"	$ 12.00 ea.
Aunts and Uncles	$ 5.00 ea.
Cousins	$ 4.00 ea.
Brothers and Sisters	$ 3.00 ea.
Bar Room Acquaintance	$ 2.50
Office Associate	$ 7.00
Office Associate's Family	$ 5.00 ea.
Ex Girl/Boy Friend	$ 20.00
Ex Girl/Boy Friend's Boy/Girl Friend	$ 15.00
Total Stranger	$ 10.00
Alfred E. Neuman	$150.00

A wet bone

Section 3.

FORGOTTEN PUNCH LINE Insurance
(Fifty Joke Deductible)

This section offers cash payment in all cases where insured makes an idiot of himself by forgetting the punch line of a good joke.[1]

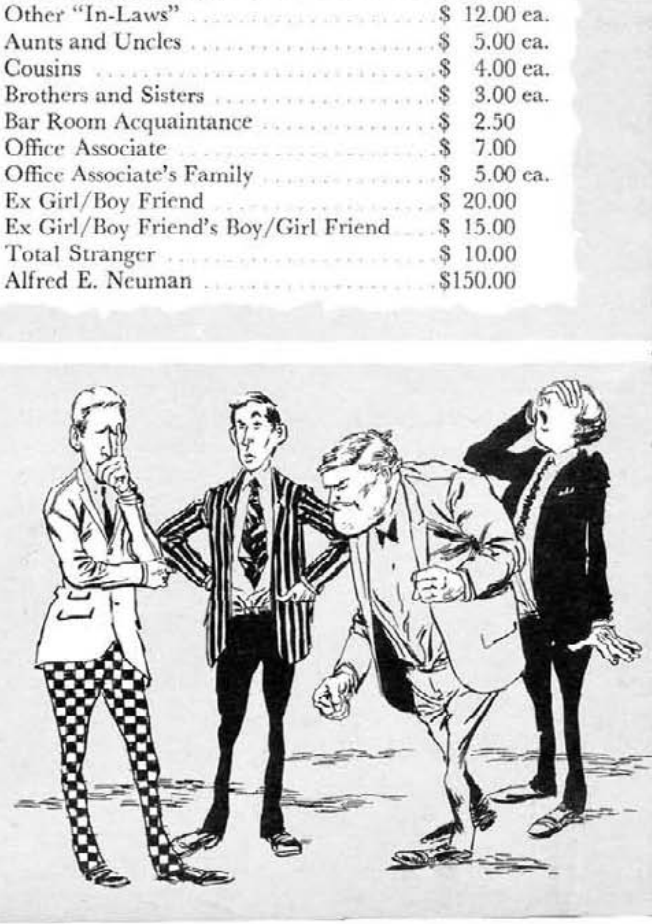
Amount of payment will be based on D.O.M.[2] experienced by claimant.

Supplemental Coverage A: Offers cash payment in cases where insured listens to joke where punch line is forgotten by some other idiot.

Supplemental Coverage B: Guarantees insured against having to hear the same joke over and over.

[1]This provision does not cover "Take Me To Your Leader" gags.

[2]Degree of Mortification.



Section 4.

TALKATIVE TAXICAB DRIVER Insurance

This "rider" (See *Lousy Pun Insurance*) protects claimant against aggravation and irritation due to accidentally hailing and boarding a cab driven by a loud-mouthed driver.[1] In all cases of authenticated yakkity-yakking, payment will be made as follows:

25 cents for the first ¼ miles
5 cents for each additional ¼ mile

[1]In the event driver attempts to tell jokes, see Section 3, *Supplemental Coverage* A & B. In the event driver attempts to sing as well as tell jokes, see section of Criminal Code dealing with "Justifiable Homicide."



**A sober lord



Section 5.

MISPLACED THEATRE TICKET Insurance

This section protects insured against arriving at theater and discovering that tickets are back home in other pants.[1]

Claimant may apply for any one of the following payments.

A. Full cash refund.
B. Original text of play, plus review by respected critic.
C. New tickets for same seats or better.[2]

[1]Does not apply to ballet or experimental free-verse drama, since inability to see such performances is not considered any misfortune.
[2]No more than three misplacements will be allowed per play.

Section 6.

WRONG TELEPHONE NUMBER Insurance

This section insures claimant against being awakened by somebody who dialed wrong number during normal hours of sleep (i.e. 3 AM to Noon). Claimant awakened from sound sleep will received $5.00. Claimant awakened from light sleep will receive $2.00. Claimant awakened from nightmare will consider himself lucky and file no claim.

Sub-Section A: Insured who is vilified or insulted by his caller, and is too sleepy (or too stupid) to make a snappy comeback will receive an additional sum, equal to ½ his Area Code Number.





Section 7.

WRONG WAITING LINE Insurance

This clause protects insured against inadvertently picking slowest-moving line to stand on, with double-indemnity payable where "line-hopping" by claimant causes additional delays due to stupid misjudgment.

Wrong waiting line coverage applies to:

Banks   Railway Stations   Airlines Terminals
Sports Arenas   Soup Kitchens

Option: Where excessive wrong-line-picking leads to nervous breakdown due to frustration, Company will pay claimant one-half of total sanitarium bill.[1]

Section 8.

HAVING TO WATCH BERT PARKS ON TV Insurance

This clause provides compensation to claimants compelled (by force or other circumstances) to watch the above-mentioned personality on television. (See *Options*)

Rate of payment will be based on minutes of viewing time, not including commercials (unless said performer delivers them) and amount of nausea suffered.

Option 1. On written application to the Company, insured may substitute either Betty Furness or Art Linkletter.

Option 2. If desired, half-rate coverage may be obtained for Arthur Godfrey, Ted Mack, George Jessel and/or Kathryn Murray.[1]

[1]Arthur Murray-Deductible





Section 9.

BENT OR FOLDED "PLEASE DO NOT BEND OR FOLD" MAIL Insurance

This section guarantees payment for items received in the mail which have been bent, folded, mangled or chewed out of shape by the Postal Authorities in complete disregard of "Please Do Not Bend or Fold" requests stamped all over the envelopes. Claims will be settled as per the following table:

ITEM BENT	AMOUNT PAID
Pin-Up Calendar	$4.00
Regular Calendar	$ .03
Photo of Girl Friend	$2.00
Photo of Girl Friend's Mother	$ .02
Correspondence School Diploma	$1.00
Juvenile Court Summons	$ .47
Copy of MAD Magazine	Claimant pays Company $4.00

**A forgetful elephant

Section 10.

SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR ENTRAPMENT Insurance

This provision offers coverage when claimant is accidentally trapped in any self-service elevator due to mechanical or power failure. Compensation will based upon the following circumstances:

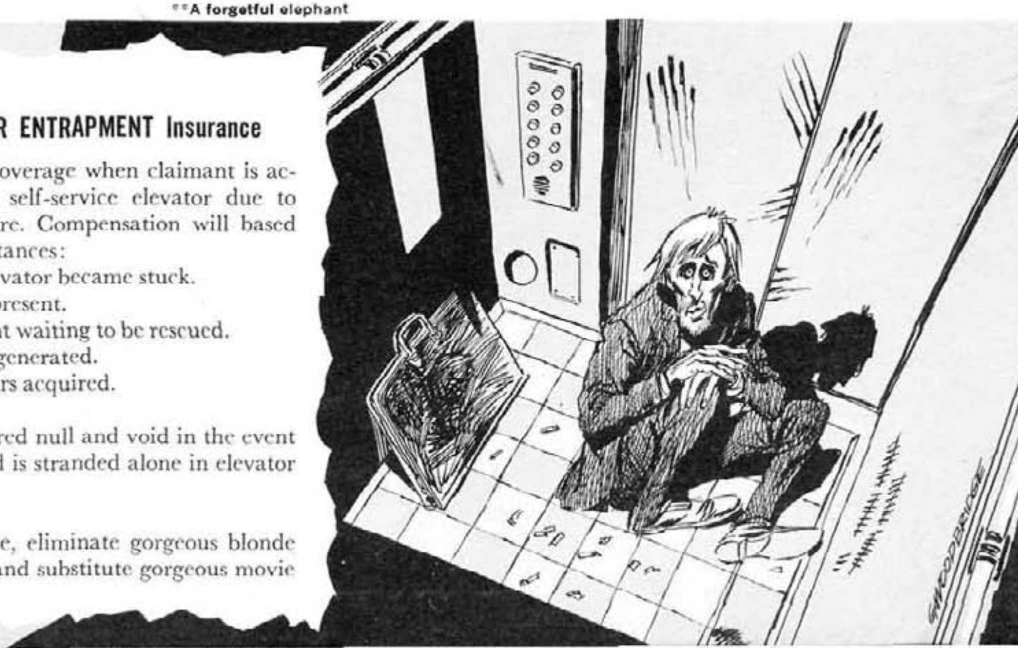
A. Height at which elevator became stuck.
B. Number of people present.
C. Length of time spent waiting to be rescued.
D. Degree of hysteria generated.
E. Number of gray hairs acquired.

Sub-Section I:

This provision is declared null and void in the event claimant is a male, and is stranded alone in elevator with gorgeous blonde.

Sub-Section II:

If claimant is a female, eliminate gorgeous blonde (ref.: Sub-Section I) and substitute gorgeous movie actor.



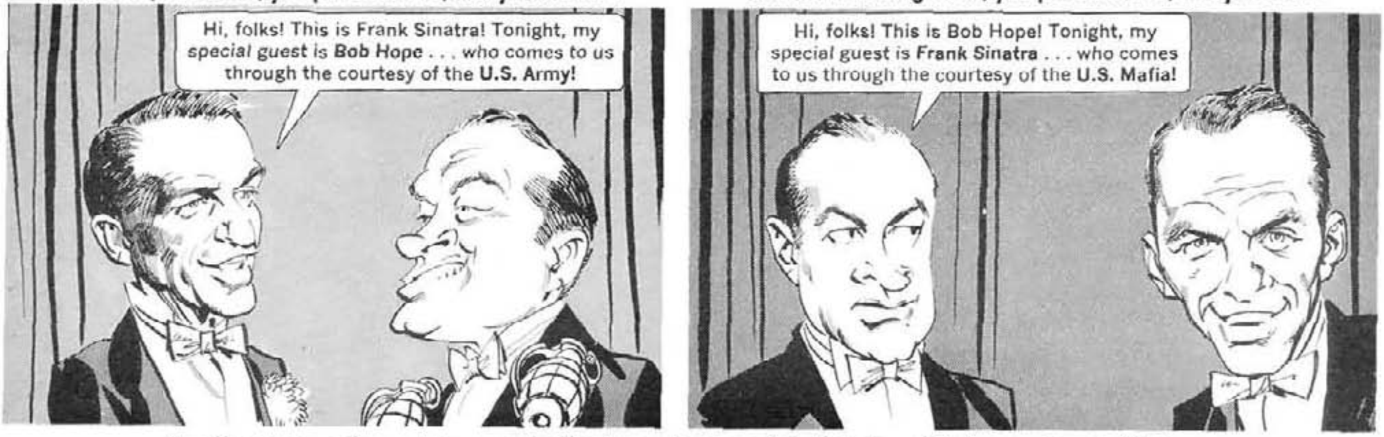
EXTRA ADDED DISTRACTION DEPT.

With the tax structure the way it is today, one of the biggest problems the stars of show business have is: how to keep their income down (We should only have such a problem!) and still maintain their popularity? In an effort to boost Trendexes, limit income taxes, and continue to appear before the public, entertainers have come up with a system that keeps everybody happy (except the Bureau of Internal Revenue) . . . the system commonly known as

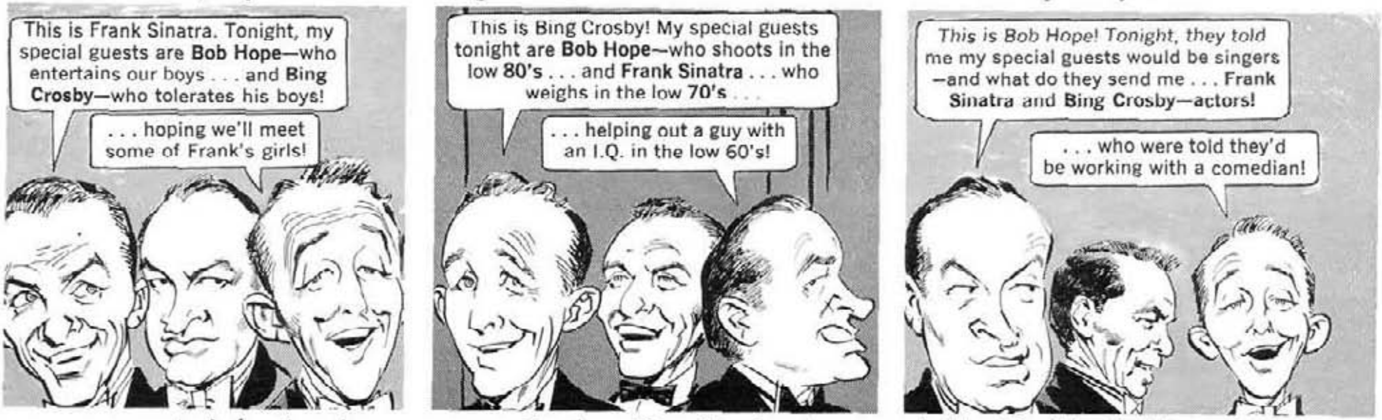
GUEST SHOTS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

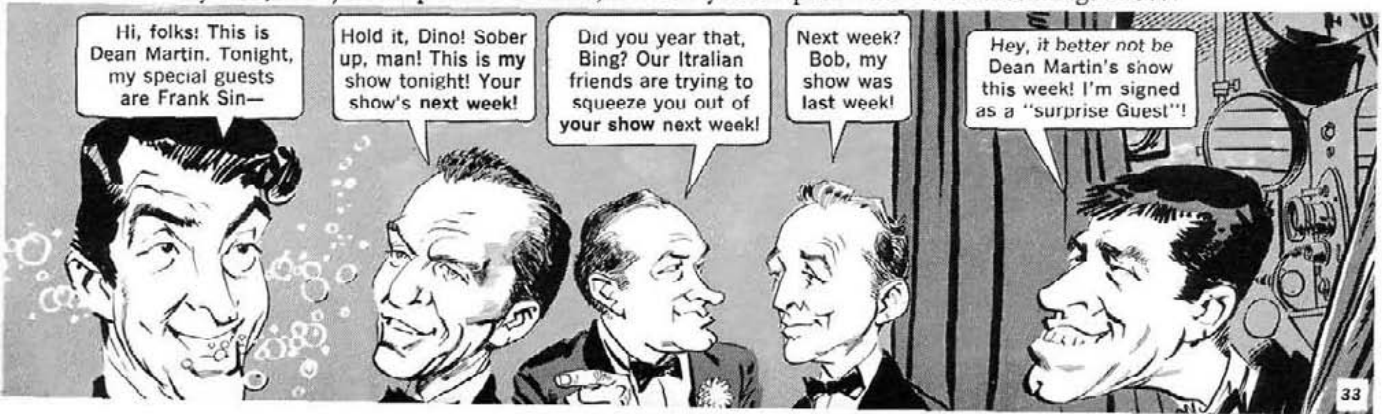
F'rinstance, one week, you put on the TV, and you see . . . And the following week, you put on the TV, and you see . . .



Needless to say, the system proved effective and successful. But they didn't stop there! After all, why limit a show to one guest? So the "Double-Header" soon became the "Triple-Play" . . .

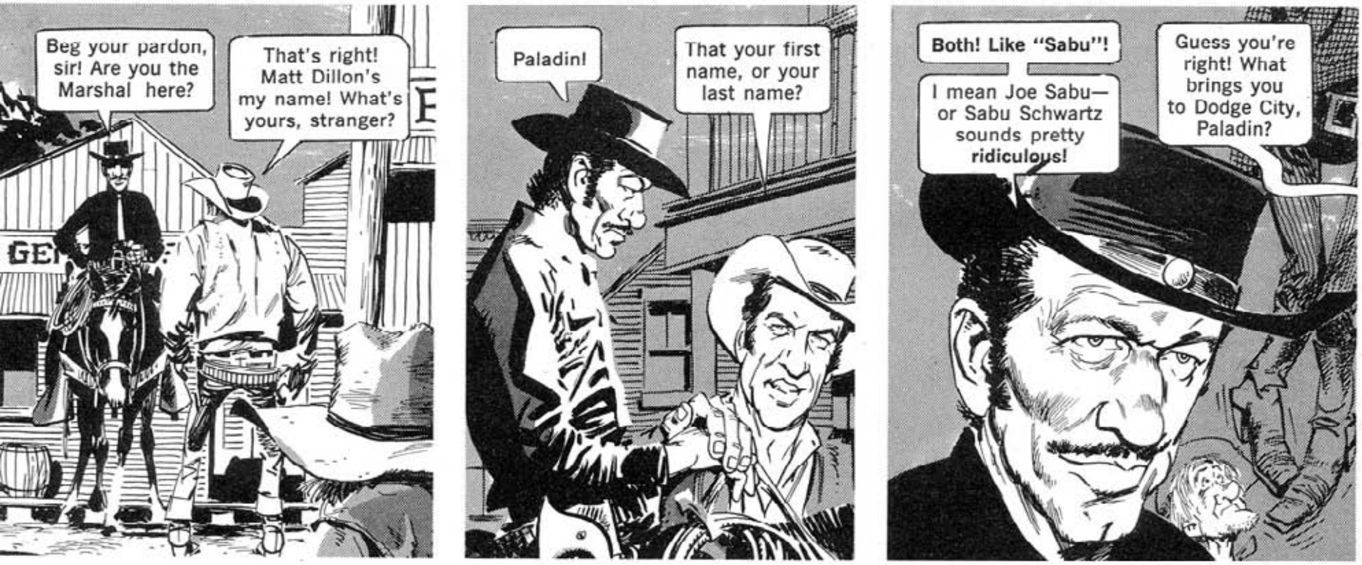


And after that, there was no stopping them. Dean Martin, who can trade "shot" for "shot" with any man, soon joined up with the crowd, and now you can put on the TV and see things like . . .



WE FIGURE IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE "GUEST SHOT" SYSTEM SPREADS TO

GUNSMOKE

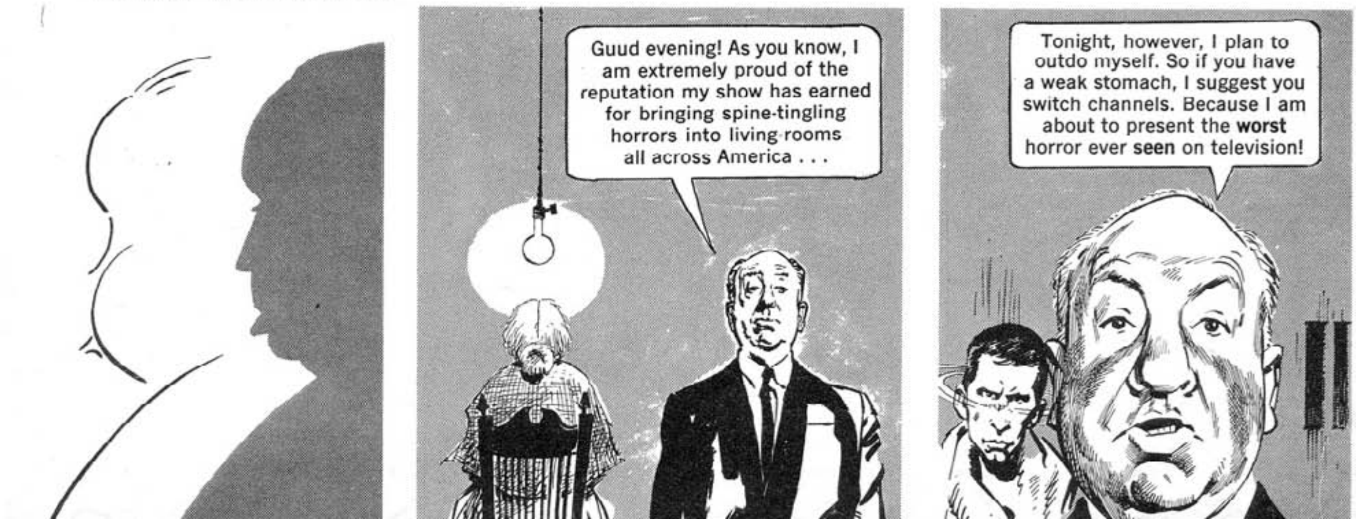


••Tender nails

THE UNTOUCHABLES



ALFRED HITCHCOCK



THE REGULAR WEEKLY TV SERIES



. . . EVEN MADISON AVENUE WILL ADOPT IT . . .

A KLEENEX COMMERCIAL



AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, OTHER FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT WILL ADOPT THE

BLONDIE



ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

JOE PALOOKA



WRITER: TOM KOCH

BRINGING UP FATHER



"GUEST SHOT" SYSTEM... LIKE F'RINSTANCE THE NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIPS



**Wrong rain



**A skinny pig



LI'L ABNER



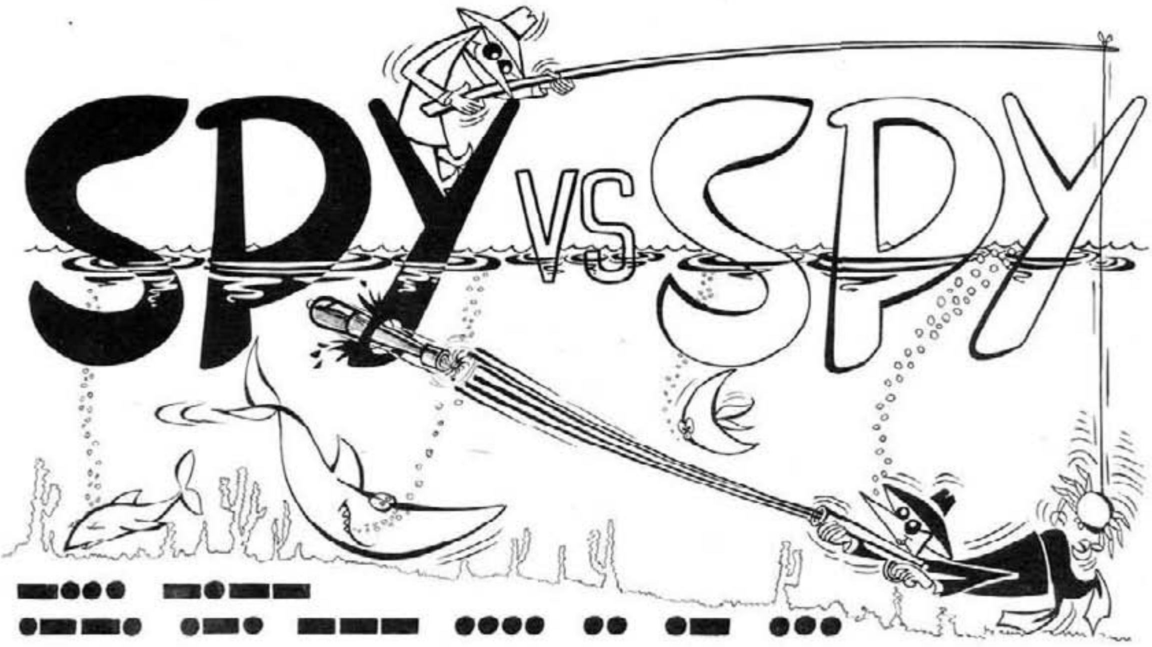
DENNIS THE MENACE



"No, kid! I'm *not* through phoning! Now will you stop opening that door!"

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

Here's another installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white, both dedicated to the "cause" . . . of outwitting each other as —



..An ugly button



GREASEMONKEY-BUSINESS DEPT.

...A warm cucumber

WHETHER IT'S A BIG AMERICAN CAR



OR A SMALL FOREIGN CAR

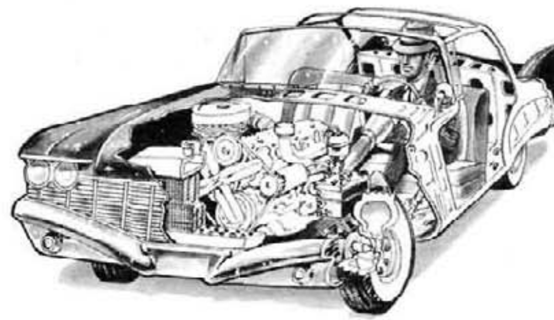


IT STILL LOOKS THE SAME TO ITS OWNER: A LEMON!



THAT'S BECAUSE, EVEN IN THE BEST OF CARS, SOMETHING ALWAYS SEEMS TO BREAK DOWN, MAKING FOR A WHOPPING BIG BILL AT THE LOCAL GARAGE. AND THAT'S WHY WE FEEL THERE'S A CRYING (OVER THE BILL) NEED FOR . . .

MAD'S "DO-IT-YOURSELF" AUTO REPAIR MANUAL

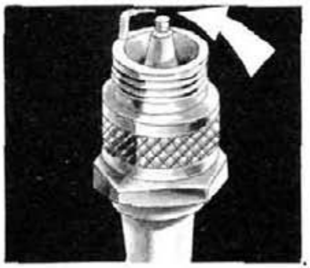


The above picture is not a cross-section of an automobile, showing the different parts. The above picture is what your car will look like if you follow the instructions in this book.

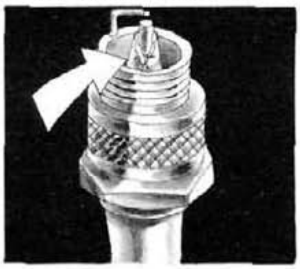
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

CHECKING THE SPARK PLUGS

TO CHECK SPARK PLUGS, REMOVE THEM FROM MOTOR AND EXAMINE THEM



If spark plug looks like this, it is worn—and does not belong in your motor. Replace with new one.



If spark plug looks like this, it is cracked and does not belong in your motor. Replace with new one.

If spark plug looks like this, it is smashed and does not belong in your motor. Replace with new one.



If spark plug looks like this, it **sure** doesn't belong in your motor—because it's a cigarette lighter!



CHECKING THE OIL



Remove crankcase dipstick, wiping clean with rag. To obtain reading, insert it back into crankcase . . .



Remove dipstick again, note level covered by oil. A reading of "Low" indicates more oil should be added.

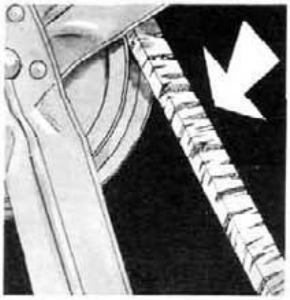
A reading of "Full" is, of course, desirable because it indicates the crankcase needs no additional oil.



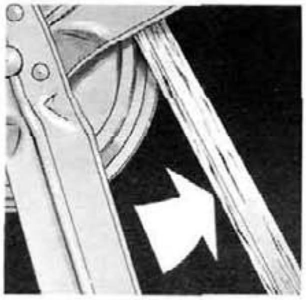
A reading of "My cup runneth over" indicates car was **really owned** by clergyman like Used Car man swore.



CHECKING THE FAN BELT

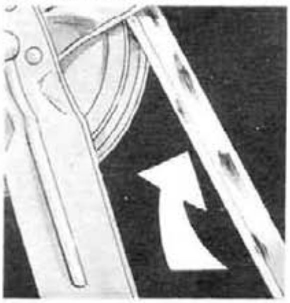


If your fan belt looks like this, it indicates rubber is drying out. This will cause eventual breakage.

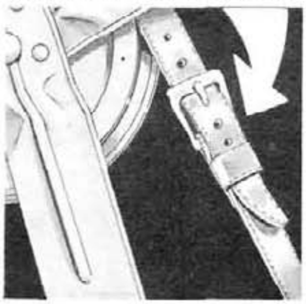


If your fan belt looks like this, it indicates pulley is misaligned. This will cause eventual breakage.

If your fan belt looks like this, it indicates grease rot. This will cause eventual slippage and poor performance due to improper grip.



If your fan belt looks like this, it indicates brain rot. This will cause eventual embarrassment when you find your pants falling down.



ADJUSTING THE HORN

A sensitive horn is essential for city driving. If your horn is weak or slow, it may need an adjustment. Turn adjustment screw (see inset) in a counter-clockwise direction until you can blast horn at the exact moment the light turns green, thereby shattering the nerves of the driver ahead.



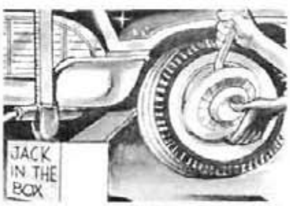
HOW AND WHEN TO USE CAR CHAINS

In heavy snows, or icy road conditions, a smart driver will use chains—



. . . and lock his car securely in the garage!

HOW TO CHANGE A FLAT



Jack up car until flattened wheel turns freely. Then remove hub cap.



Carefully loosen and remove wheel bolts with wrench found in trunk.



Place the wheel bolts in the hub cap so as not to lose any of them.



Remove wheel from axle and replace with spare wheel taken from trunk



Carefully replace the wheel bolts and tighten each one very securely.



You found the wheel bolts all right, only now, you've lost the hub cap!

HOW TO FIND A SLOW LEAK



Place suspected tire, which you've re-inflated, into filled bathtub.



If you find a stream of bubbles, then, Brother, you're in trouble!

If you find you're turning white, then, Brother, you needed a bath!



If the bathwater turns black, then Brother, you're really in trouble!



GETTING RID OF A RATTLE



First tighten front and rear bolts of bumper. If rattle persists . . .



. . . grease all chassis joints and spring units. If rattle persists —

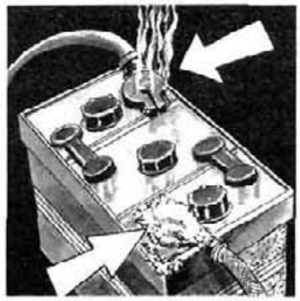
. . . lubricate door hinges, locks and handles. If rattle persists —



. . . lift rear seat. You're sure to find that rattle underneath it.



STARTING TROUBLE AND THE BATTERY

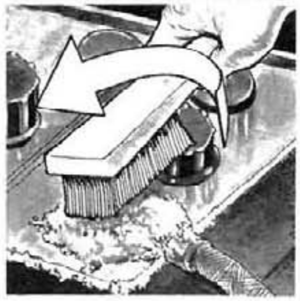


If you have trouble starting, it may mean battery connections are loose, faulty, or badly corroded.



Turn bolt (shown above) 3 times in clockwise direction with a wrench. This will tighten loose connection.

Stroke terminal 4 times in counter-clockwise direction with wire brush. This will clean corroded terminals.

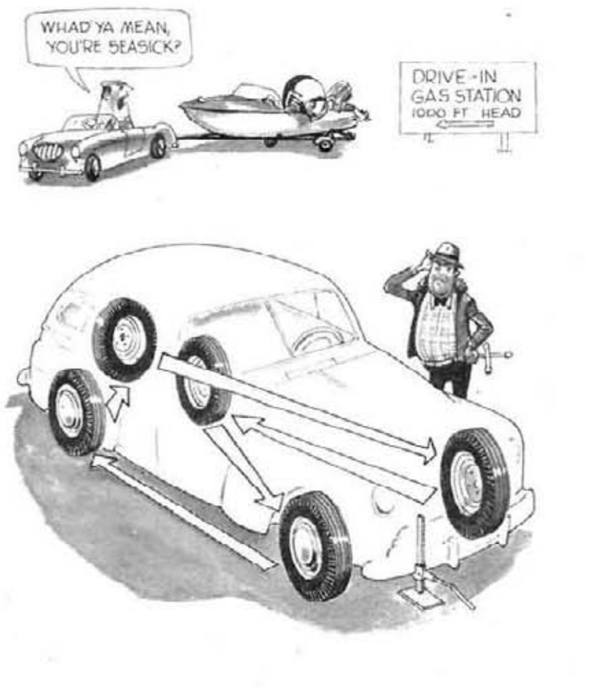


If car still won't start, turn dial 10 holes in clockwise direction. Tell operator you need a tow truck.

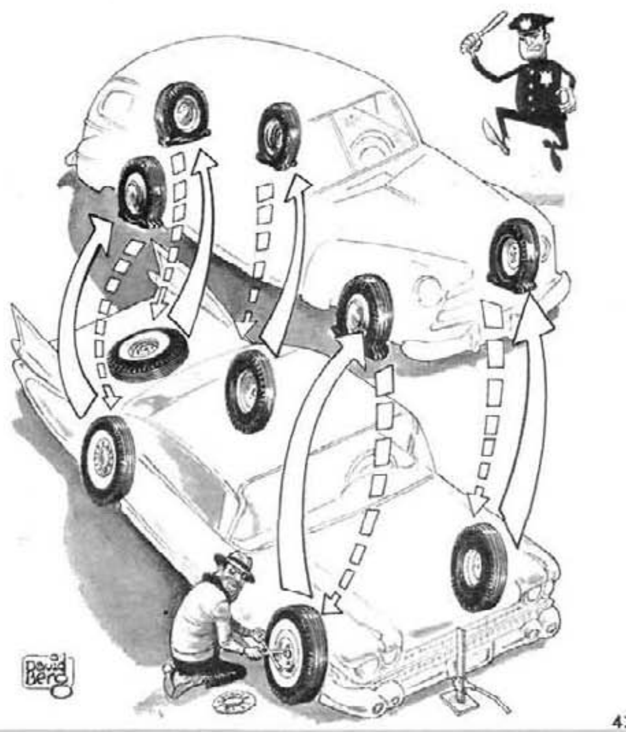


ROTATING THE TIRES

For longer tire life, and to insure even wear, rotate tires every 5000 miles using method **"A"** (shown below). This method proves very effective.



However, if tires are badly worn already, do not use method "A". Rotate tires using method **"B"** (below). This method proves even more effective.



As 1961 begins, some people are predicting that television fare will get worse. These people are called pessimists. Then again, some people are predicting that television fare will get better.

MAD'S 1961

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

JANUARY



CBS's Charles Collingwood arrives at the home of a "Person to Person" guest just before air time, and finds nobody home.

FEBRUARY



The three TV networks notify the United Nations they would like World War III to start on a Sunday afternoon, so they can carry it "live" without interfering with prime evening time show schedules.

MARCH



An ABC vice-president suggests that all future ABC programs be adult enough so as not to insult the intelligence of a 12-year-old child. He is promptly fired.

JULY



Douglas Edwards takes vacation. However, his show does not go off the air because CBS tapes the news two weeks in advance.

AUGUST



When "The Weather Girl" takes off on her vacation, her regular spot is filled by re-runs called "The Best of the Weather".

SEPTEMBER



New TV season opens. Robert Sarnoff of NBC throws out the first vice-president.

These people are called stupid. We don't know who's right, but we do have our predictions as to what we'll be seeing on our TV screens this year—mainly the nauseating events outlined in . . .

TV PREVIEW

WRITER: GARY BELKIN

APRIL



Baseball season opens. The President of the United States is televised throwing out the first ball. Problem arises when Nelson Rockefeller demands an equal ball.

MAY



Television's "Emmy Award" for the "Best Comedy Show" goes to Hollywood's annual "Academy Awards Presentations". Nobody wins the "Emmy" for "Original TV Drama".

JUNE



CBS sells its pre-1948 TV kinescopes to MGM for presentation in movie theatres.

OCTOBER



Biggest "Special" of '61-'62 season is taped with record budget of $961,000. Just before air time, clumsy technician accidentally erases the tape. Everybody connected with the show breathes easier.

NOVEMBER



The writer of the television soap opera "Love of Life" suddenly commits suicide.

DECEMBER



TV history is made when a Hollywood star appears as a "Mystery Guest" on "What's My Line" without having a movie plug.

MAD SALUTES A

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Every week, millions of Americans lap up the breath-taking photo spectacles found in **LICE,** the "News-in-Pictures-and-Clever-Captions" weekly magazine.



Amazing **LICE** photos put you "On The Spot" at conventions, shipwrecks . . .



. . . sports events . . . earthquakes . . .



LICE readers are regularly treated to maddened beasts charging the lens



. . . disconsolate lovers swan-diving from high buildings in suicide pacts



**A crooked arrow

. . . and natives brandishing spears (at **LICE** subscription agents beating the bush with introductory offers).



MAD HAS DISCOVERED THE ANSWER, AND SALUTES THE MAN WHO TAKES ALL OF LICE'S IMPOSSIBLE

LICE PHOTOGR

MACOMBER BO

N UNSUNG HERO

WRITER: DON REILLY

. . . coronations, and other disasters.



However, none of these is anything like the "Spot" **LICE** puts you on if you ever try to cancel your subscription!



A weak ox

Yes, whenever heroic and stupendous deeds are done, **LICE** is there—"On The Spot!"

Only, haven't you ever wondered how in heck **LICE** gets those "On The Spot" pictures of heroic deeds—when nobody could possibly be on the spot *except the guy doing the deed?*

F'rinstance, how does **LICE** get a photo of the first man to reach the peak of old Mount Everblechh alone . . . a photo taken from the summit—*looking down at the ascending climber!?*



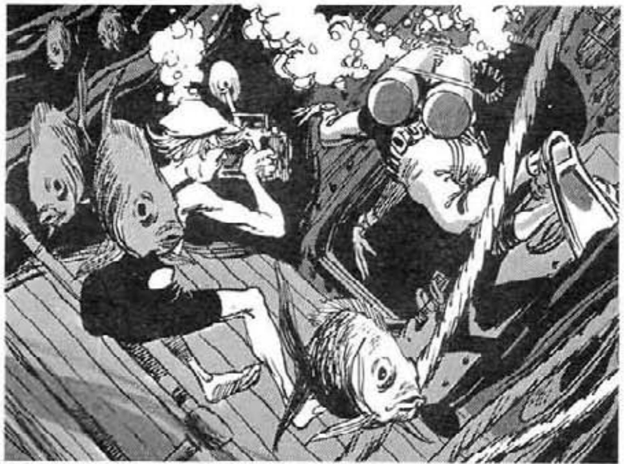
AN "UNSUNG HERO". . . .
"ON-THE-SPOT" PHOTOS:
APHER
OMBEY



Every major heroic feat covered by **LICE** in the past 20 years has been photographed by Macomber Bombey—the man who quietly **duplicated the feat to get the picture!**



Remember that terrific series of photographs showing Lance Sturdley's 50-fathom plunge (supposedly alone) to explore the sunken hulk of the Italian luxury liner *Luigi Fazool?*



Well, who do you think was right down there with the noted playboy-adventurer-fink, taking those photos showing Lance looting the first class bar? Macomber Bombey — that's who!



What about the spread on Capt. Wayne Fudd's 19-mile-high balloon flight. Who took the pics showing Fudd plummeting earthward to fame—pictures taken from inside the gondola?



The fact is that while Capt. Fudd plunged down through the clouds, a lone figure crouched in the frigid stratosphere, shivering, clicking his camera shutter with numbed fingers



When rich eccentric Porfirio Crock rode over Niagara Falls in a reinforced wine barrel, the world was electrified by the **LICE** spread of photos taken through the bunghole . . .

..An unfit fiddle



. . . photos taken by Macomber Bombey, who was inside that barrel with Porfirio. While Crock lay prostrate with fear, Mac Bombey snapped pictures the whole sickening way down.



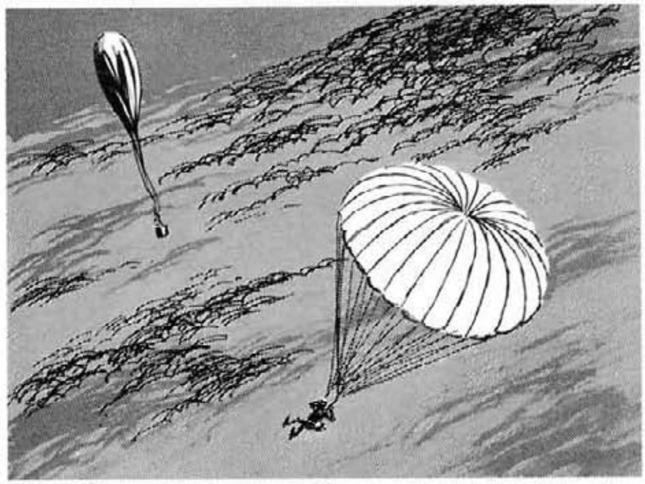
And after Sturdley's record-breaking dive, while Lance and his playboy friends celebrated the feat aboard his yacht —



The man who had equaled this amazing deed paddled wearily back to New York and the obscurity of the **LICE** darkroom.



. . . and wishing the Air Force had not been so chicken as to deny him the use of a G.I. oxygen mask because he was a civilian — a civilian photographer named Macomber Bombey!



Macomber stayed in that balloon until nightfall. Then he, too, made the 19-mile jump to earth, equaling the feat — while Capt. Fudd was being hailed on *The Ed Sullivan Show!*

**Cloudy crystal

Yet, it's been an exciting and hazardous career for photographer Macomber Bombey!

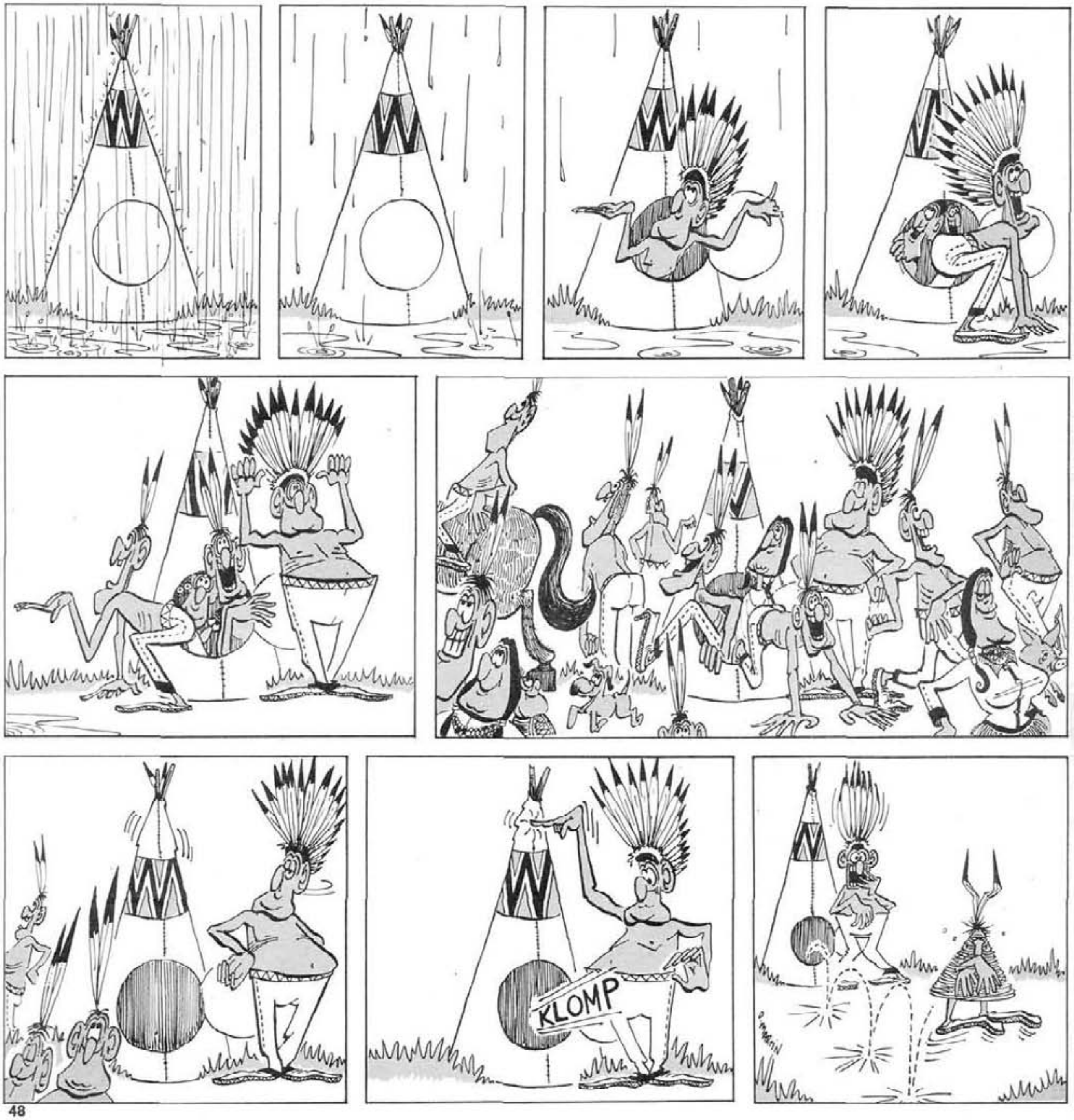
Strangely enough, the only picture that ever cost Macomber Bombey an injury will never see print in **LICE.** It was this one, taken accidentally as he fell backwards down a flight of stairs after he'd asked Editor-in-Chief Henry Lufe for a $5 raise—



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

In parting, Don Martin (may his tribe increase!), tells us about the time he awoke from a deep dream of peace–in an Indian wigwam...

AFTER THE RAINS



*"A stale daisy

Caramba! I'm no Herk! I get MAD in ze Mail...Jot off ze Press!

(Mainly, I get some Gringo's subscription copy when I rob ze Post Office!)



PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS

Pancho is right! Subscription copies of **MAD** arrive before regular copies go on sale at newsstands! So don't be a "herk"! Get your copy "in ze mail . . . jot off ze press" . . .

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

- - - - - - - - - - use coupon or duplicate - - - - - - - - - -

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, New York

I enclose $2.00. Please enter my name on your subscription list, and send the next nine issues of **MAD** to me by mail. Caramba! I hust realized I **am** a herk! Jow do I know Pancho won't be robbing my subscription copy from ze Post office?



NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY________________ZONE_____

STATE____________________

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS MAD?



SOPHISTICATED SOFT-SELL PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS

A young man with an open mind and a sharp sense of humor, the MAD reader has very little else to recommend him. He dresses atrociously, his tastes run to the ridiculous, and he's usually flat broke. If he does have any money, he spends it on idiotic things like the kookie car in the picture. (Incidentally, the young man beside the car isn't the MAD reader; the young man *underneath* the car is the MAD reader!) So actually, if you are an advertiser, it really wouldn't pay you to advertise in MAD. Facts: According to an obscure magazine survey, 97% of the 1,300,000 copies of MAD sold on newsstands each issue are purchased by clods. 87.3% of these clods have no visible means of support. And 79% wouldn't *believe* your advertising pitch anyway, because they've been thoroughly brainwashed by MAD articles and ad satires. So if you're looking for a magazine with a readership that seems to fall for the phony sophisticated soft sell, and has the money to do something about it, try PLAYBOY!

MAD ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT • Elevator Shaft #2 • 225 Lafayette Street, New York City, New York